

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LXI.

No. 3622 December 6, 1913

FROM BEGINNERS
VOL. CCLXXIX

CONTENTS

I.	Victoriano Huerta. The Strong Man of Mexico.		
	<i>By Edwin Emerson.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	578
II.	Feminism in France. <i>By the Earl of Cromer.</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	589
III.	The Strength of the Hills. Chapter XIII. <i>Trade.</i>		
	<i>By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (To be continued.)</i>	TIMES	593
IV.	The Meaning of Memory. <i>By W. S. Lilly.</i>		
		NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	599
V.	A Saxon Diplomatist of the 'Thirties. <i>By A. F. Schuster.</i>		
		CORNHILL MAGAZINE	610
VI.	The House of the Zamarras. I.-IV. <i>By Helen Hester Coleil.</i>		
	<i>(To be continued.)</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	619
VII.	A Dickens Pilgrimage. V. <i>Ipswich and Bury.</i>	TIMES	625
VIII.	On Missing One's Train. <i>By Filson Young.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	628
IX.	A Trunk Call. <i>By A. A. M.</i>	PUNCH	631
X.	The Uncrowded Hour. <i>By W. L. R.</i>	ACADEMY	633

A PAGE OF VERSE

XI.	His Song for Her Waking. By Amelia Josephine Burr.	BOOKMAN	578
VII.	Starlings on the Roof. By Thomas Hardy. . .	NATION	578
XIII.	Renunciation. By Edith Furniss.	· · ·	578
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.			
			634



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

HIS SONG FOR HER WAKING.

"Tis dawn in the sky of the world,
 'Tis dawn in the sky of my heart,
 And earth is the bud of a rose
 Whose petals are trembling apart;
 So I come to your door in the dawn,
 And I breathe you my life in a word.
 You would smile, you would lean from
 your window, my queen,
 If you heard—if you heard.

The air is all throbbing with fire,
 And I am a pulse of the flame,
 All breathless the universe beats
 Like a heart that is tuned to your
 name,
 As the stars in their courses last night
 Kept time to each breath that you
 drew....
 But our passion is dumb—oh, my
 love, you would come
 If you knew—if you knew!

You would glow in the flush of the
 dawn
 You glitter so coldly above;
 You would lean like a rose to his cry
 Who yearns to the lips of your love;
 You would raise him who faints at
 your feet
 To a height that his hope never dared;
 You would warm the poor clod in your
 arms to a god,
 If you cared—if you cared.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

The Bookman.

STARLINGS ON THE ROOF.

(Moving House, Michaelmas.)

"No smoke spreads out of his chimney-pot,
 The people who lived here have left
 the spot,
 And others are coming who knew them
 not.

"If you listen anon, with an ear intent,
 The voices, you'll find, will be different
 From the well-known ones of those
 who went."

"Where did they go? Their tones so
 bland
 Were quite familiar to our band;

Fresh comers we shall not understand."

"They look for a new life, strenuous,
 strange;
 They do not know that, let them range
 Wherever they may, they will get no
 change;

"They will drag their furniture ever
 so far
 In their search for a home no miseries
 mar:
 They will find that as they were they
 are,

"That every hearth has a ghost, alack!
 And can be but the scene of a bivouac
 For a painful halt till the time to
 pack!"

Thomas Hardy.

The Nation.

RENUNCIATION.

Away round the bend of the road you
 go,

Dear little feet, Goodbye!
 It is only the first day of school to
 you—

Though you hardly slept as the night
 sped through *

And the great Beginning nearer drew—
 But it's over the edge of my heart,
 you know,

And we're parting, you and I.

Dear little only Baby, say,
 Did it too lonely seem?

You never will grudge me these few
 fleet years

When you know the well of my hidden
 tears.

And all my impotent hopes and fears;
 For I'm giving you up to Life, to-
 day,

And my Baby is a dream.

Wave! little hands, as you turn from
 my sight

Feverish to begin;

If ever I prayed it is now I pray
 For all the days that must follow to-
 day;

God's Lamp, little feet, for your on-
 ward way;

But it's oh! when you're done with
 the world to-night

To my heart come creeping in.

Edith Furness.

VICTORIANO HUERTA.

THE STRONG MAN OF MEXICO.

There is a saying in Mexico that it is much easier to be a successful general than a successful president. Inasmuch as almost all Mexican presidents during the hundred years since Mexico became a Republic, owed their presidency to successful generalship, this saying is significant. At all events, no Mexican general, who won his way into the National Palace by his military prowess, ever won his way out with credit to himself or to his country.

General Victoriano Huerta, Mexico's latest Interim-President, during the first few months that followed his overthrow of the Madero Government found out to his own cost how much harder it is to rule a people than an army.

As a matter of fact, General Huerta was pushed into his interim-presidency before he really had a fair opportunity to learn how to command an army. At the time he was so suddenly made Chief Magistrate of Mexico he was not commanding the Mexican army, but was merely a recently appointed major-general who happened to command that small fraction of the regular army at the capital which was supposed to have remained loyal to President Madero and his constitutional government. Huerta had been appointed by President Madero to the supreme command of the loyal forces at the capital, numbering barely three thousand soldiers, only a few days before Madero's fall. Even if he had not turned traitor to his commander-in-chief, as he did in the end, Huerta's command of the loyal troops during the ten days' struggle at the capital preceding the fall of the constitutional government could not be described as anything but a dismal failure.

Before considering General Huerta's qualifications as a President, one should know something of his career as a soldier. During the last few years it has repeatedly fallen to my lot to follow General Huerta in the field, so that I have had a fair chance to view some of his soldierly qualities at close hand. I accompanied General Huerta during his campaign through Chihuahua, in 1912, and was present at his famous Battle of Bachimba, near Chihuahua City, on July 3rd, 1912—the one decisive victory won by General Huerta against the rebel forces of Pascual Orozco. Before this campaign I was in Cuernavaca, in the State of Morelos, during the time when General Huerta had his headquarters there in his campaign against Zapata's bandit hordes in that State after the fall of General Diaz' Government. While Porfirio Diaz was still President I received permission from him to accompany General Huerta's troops into Morelos for the first campaign against Zapata, but we had got no farther than Cuernavaca, where the military railway stopped, before the campaign came to an ignominious end—General Huerta being recalled to the capital. We had barely got back to Mexico City when the Diaz Government went out of existence.

General Huerta then took charge of the last military escort which accompanied General Porfirio Diaz on his midnight flight from Mexico City to the port of Veracruz. During the ten hours' run down to the coast, it may be recalled, the train on which President Diaz and his family rode was held up by rebels in the gray of dawn, and the soldiers of the military escort had to deploy in skirmish order, led by Generals Diaz and Huerta in

person; but the affair was over after a few minutes' firing, with no casualties on either side.

Before this eventful year General Huerta had but few opportunities of winning laurels on the field of battle. Having entered the Military Academy of Chapultepec in the early 'seventies under Lerdo de Tejada's presidency, Victoriano Huerta was graduated in 1875, at the age of twenty-one, and was commissioned a second lieutenant of engineers. While still a cadet at Chapultepec he distinguished himself by his predilection for scientific subjects, particularly mathematics and astronomy. During the military rebellion of Oaxaca, when General Diaz rose against President Lerdo, Lieutenant Huerta was engaged in garrison duty, and got no opportunity to enter this campaign.

After General Diaz had come into power and had begun his reorganization of the Mexican army, young Huerta, lately promoted to a captaincy of engineers, came forward with a plan for organizing a General Staff. General Diaz approved of his plans, and Captain Huerta, accordingly, in 1879, became the founder of Mexico's present General Staff Corps. The first work of the new General Staff was to undertake the drawing up of a military map of Mexico on a large scale. The earliest sections of this immense map, on which the Mexican General Staff is still hard at work, were surveyed and drawn up in the State of Veracruz, where the Mexican Military Map Commission still has its headquarters. Captain Huerta accompanied the Commission to Jalapa, the capital of the State of Veracruz, and served there through a period of eight years, receiving his promotion to major in 1880 and to lieutenant-colonel in 1884. During this time he had charge of all the astronomical work of the Commission, and he also led surveying

and exploring parties over the rough mountainous region that extends between the cities of Jalapa and Orizaba. While at Jalapa he married Emilia Aguilera, of Mexico City, who bore him three sons and a daughter.

In 1890 Huerta was promoted to a colonelcy and was recalled to Mexico City where he remained with the General Staff for ten years, in practical direction of its topographical and astronomical departments. In 1901 he left the General Staff and was ordered to Sonora to command part of the infantry in the campaign against the Yaqui Indians of that year. After the campaign was over, Colonel Huerta again was put in charge of the General Staff's topographical work in Sonora and succeeded in mapping all the central portion of that mountainous State, before another Yaqui war put an end to this work.

So soon as the Yaqui Indians had once more been subdued, Colonel Huerta was ordered to Yucatan to command part of the regular infantry there in the campaign against the Maya Indians. There he served several years until the last of the hostile Mayas had been deported to the jungles of Quintana Roo.

As a reward for his Indian campaign services Huerta was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and was once more detailed to the General Staff at the capital. In Mexico's centennial year of 1910, when Francisco I. Madero rose in the north, and other parts of the Republic gave signs of disaffection, General Huerta was ordered south to take charge of all the detached Government force in the mountainous State of Guerrero. Almost simultaneously with his arrival in Chilpancingo, the capital of the State of Guerrero, though, almost the whole south of Mexico rose in rebellion. The military situation there was soon found to be so hopeless that Huerta

was recalled to Mexico City for the purpose of organizing a strong military expedition against Guerrero.

I was in the capital at this time and took a lively interest in these military preparations, having received an official assignment to General Huerta's "Army of Guerrero" as war correspondent. The real "Army of Guerrero," however, was the army of rebels that was organized in that State under the leadership of the Figueroa brothers; and long before Huerta had made any headway in organizing his corps of regulars, the whole State of Guerrero, except the military port of Acapulco, was lost to the Government. There was no quick way of getting into Guerrero because all the lines of communication were held by the rebels; moreover, the rebels, marching in three separate columns led by Ambrosio Figueroa, Juan Andrew Almazán, and Jesús Salgado, were pouring into the neighboring State of Morelos, where Emiliano Zapata had just raised his banner of revolt, only a few days' march from the capital.

So it was decided that Huerta should lead his mixed column of infantry, cavalry, and artillery into Morelos, rather than into distant Guerrero.

There was talk of sending 10,000 men, and for a fortnight or more the wide stairways and corridors of the Mexican War Department—then under the direction of old General Cosío—were thronged with officers expecting marching orders. Then it was announced that the column was to be reduced to eight thousand men, and presently to seventy-five hundred men. When Huerta's expedition finally got away, after infinite bustle and preparation, one mixed train of forty cars carried all the men, animals, guns, and ammunition. The whole column did not number more than six hundred men at the utmost. I doubt whether

it would have been despatched to the front so soon, had it not been for a sensational train hold-up and murder of an American passenger by Zapatista bandits on the line between the capital and Cuernavaca three days before.

General Huerta's column had barely detrained and moved into the military barracks at Cuernavaca when it was announced that another body of federales was hemmed in by the rebels at Cuautla in Morelos not more than two marches away. I expected General Huerta to march to the relief of these soldiers; but no marching orders were issued, and presently the federal survivors of the Cuautla garrison came straggling into Cuernavaca in small detached groups, telling blood-curdling stories of a ferocious massacre of their comrades after a formal surrender of Cuautla. The people of Cuernavaca became highly excited, and looked to General Huerta for a vigorous counter-movement against the victorious rebels, known to be closing in on Cuernavaca; but again the soldiers under his command were not called upon to do anything but their old sleepy round of garrison duty. Within a week General Huerta was recalled to Mexico City, and returned at once, accompanied by his staff, as well as by his artillery and machine guns.

Cuernavaca soon afterwards was surrendered to the rebels without a shot being fired. I was there when Zapata made his triumphal entry into the city with all his men, followed by an abject rearguard of disarmed and dismounted federal soldiers, the remnants of Huerta's relief column and of the original federal garrison.

After General Huerta saw General Porfirio Diaz off to Europe at Veracruz, he returned to the capital and placed himself at the disposition of Don Francisco L. de la Barra, Mexico's new President *ad interim*. President de la Barra was at a loss what to do

with him; until, a few weeks later, it became clear that Madero's plan of paying money to the former rebels and bandits in Morelos to be good and keep the peace was having just the opposite effect. Then President de la Barra dispatched General Huerta with another column of soldiers to Cuernavaca to restore peace. At the same time Señor Madero, then still a private citizen, offered to go to Cuernavaca to see what he could do as a mediator. General Huerta was very much annoyed at this.

When Madero arrived at Cuernavaca and Huerta learned that he was stopping at the house of the State governor, Huerta at his headquarters in the Hotel Bellavista angrily pounded his fist on the table where he was drinking cognac and exclaimed: "Madero need not expect me to come to him to pay my respects. I do not recognize his right to interfere here. If he wants to mediate between the Government and the rebels, he will have to come to me first for permission." One hour after this angry speech General Huerta, accompanied by his staff in gala uniform, called at the governor's house "to pay his respects to Señor Madero," and in the interview which followed he placed himself "at Señor Madero's disposition."

Madero told Huerta to remain quiet with his troops at Cuernavaca until Madero should have had an opportunity to visit Zapata and his brother chieftains at their rebel camp in Cuautla, several days' ride away. General Huerta promptly agreed to this.

As it turned out, though, it took so long for Madero to reach Zapata in Cuautla and to be heard from, that Huerta grew impatient, and, professing to entertain fears for Madero's safety, marched his men out of Cuernavaca in the direction of Cuautla, thus threatening immediate frustration of

the peace negotiations. Madero got wind of this, and promptly telephoned Huerta to stop his march. At the same time Madero telegraphed to President de la Barra at Mexico City to order Huerta back to Cuernavaca, pending Madero's peace parleys at Cuautla. The upshot was that Huerta and his column returned to Cuernavaca.

Huerta never forgave Madero for this. This did not prevent him, though, from continuing his service in the army and from placing himself at Señor Madero's complete disposition when the latter was elected and inaugurated as President of Mexico. Madero, for reasons that are self-evident, was anxious to propitiate the military element, and to secure the co-operation of the more experienced officers in the regular army for the better pacification of the country. Accordingly, when Zapata and his bandit hordes gave signs of returning to their old ways, refusing to "stay bought," President Madero sent General Huerta back into Morelos, at the head of a strong force of cavalry, mountain artillery, and machine guns, numbering altogether 3,500 men, with orders to put down Zapata's new rebellion "at any cost." At the same time President Madero induced his former fellow-rebel, Ambrosio Figueroa, now Commander-in-Chief of Mexico's rural guards, to co-operate with General Huerta by bringing a mounted force of three thousand rurales from Guerrero into Morelos from the south so as to hem in the Zapatistas between himself and Huerta at Cuernavaca. Figueroa's men, though they had to cover three times the distance, struck the main body of the rebels first and got badly mussed up in the battle that followed. General Huerta's column did not get away from Cuernavaca until the second day of the fight, and did not reach the battlefield in the extinct crater of Mount Herradura until

Figueroa's rurales had been all but routed. In the battle that followed General Huerta succeeded in driving the rebels out of their strong position, but the losses of the federals, owing to their belated arrival and hastily-taken positions, were disproportionately heavy.

This affair caused much ill-feeling between the rurales and reguaries, and Figueroa sent word to Madero that he could not afford to sacrifice his men by trying to co-operate with such a poor general as Huerta. The much-heralded joint campaign accordingly fell to the ground.

President Madero thereupon recalled General Huerta, and sent General Robles, of the regular army, to replace him in command. This furnished Huerta with another grievance against Madero.

Some time afterwards I heard General Huerta explain in private conversation to some of his old army comrades that he had been recalled from Morelos because of his sharp military measures against the Zapatistas, owing to President Madero's sentimental preference for dealing leniently with his old Zapatista friends. At the time when General Huerta made this private complaint, however, it was a notorious fact that his successor in Morelos, General Robles, had received public instructions from Madero to deal more severely with the Morelos rebels. General Robles did, as a matter of fact, handle the Morelos rebels far more ruthlessly than Huerta, leading to his own subsequent recall on charges of excessive cruelty.

Meanwhile the Orozco rebellion had arisen in the north, and became so threatening that General Gonzalez Salas, Madero's War Minister, felt called upon to resign his portfolio to take the field against Orozco, together with Generals Blanquet, Trucy Aubert, and Tellez. General Gonzalez Salas,

after organizing a fairly formidable-looking force of 3,500 regulars and three batteries of field artillery at Torreón, rushed into the fray, only to suffer a disgraceful defeat in his first battle at Reillano, in Chihuahua, not far from Torreón. General Gonzalez Salas took his defeat so much to heart that he committed suicide on his way back to Torreón. This, together with the panic-stricken return of his army to Torreón, caused the greatest dismay at the Capital, the inhabitants of which already believed themselves threatened by an irresistible advance of Orozco's rebel followers. None of the federal generals at the front were considered strong enough to stem the tide.

The only available federal general of high rank, who had any experience in commanding large forces in the field, was Victoriano Huerta. President Madero in his extremity called upon General Huerta to reorganize the badly-disordered forces at Torreón, and to take the field against Orozco, "cost what it may." This was toward the end of March, 1912.

General Huerta, whom the army had come to regard as "shelved," lost no time in getting to Torreón. There he soon found that the situation was by no means so black as it had been painted—General Trucy Aubert, who had been cut off with one of the columns of the army, having cleverly extricated his force from its dangerous predicament so as to bring it safely back to the base at Torreón without undue loss of men or prestige.

Thenceforth no expense was spared by General Huerta in bringing the army to better fighting efficiency. Heavy reinforcements of regulars, especially of field artillery, were rushed to Torreón from the Capital, and large bodies of volunteers and irregulars were sent after them from all parts of the Republic.

President Madero had said: "Let it cost what it may"; so all the preparation went forward regardless of cost. "Hang the expense!" became the blithe motto of the army.

When General Huerta at last took the field against Orozco, early in May, his federal army, now swelled to more than six thousand men and twenty pieces of field artillery, moved to the front in a column of eleven long railway trains, each numbering from forty to sixty cars, loaded down with army supplies and munitions of all kinds, besides a horde of several thousand camp followers, women, sutlers, and other non-combatants. The entire column stretched over a distance of more than four miles. The transportation and sustenance of this unwieldy column, which had to carry its own supply of drinking water, it was estimated, cost the Mexican Government nearly 350,000 pesos per day. Its progress was exasperatingly slow, owing to the fact that the Mexican Central Railway, which was Huerta's only chosen line of advance, had to be repaired almost rail by rail.

After more than a fortnight's slow progress, General Huerta struck Orozco's forces at Conejos, in Chihuahua, near the branch line running out to the American mines at Mapimi. Orozco's forces, finding themselves heavily outnumbered and overmatched in artillery, hastily evacuated Conejos, retreating northward up the railway line by means of some half-dozen railway trains. Several weeks more passed before Huerta again struck Orozco's forces at Rellano in Chihuahua, close to the former battlefield, along the railway, where his predecessor, General Gonzalez Salas, had come to grief. This was in June.

Huerta, with nearly twice as many men and three times as much artillery, drove Orozco back along the line of the railway after a two days' long

range artillery bombardment, against which the rebels were powerless. This battle, in which the combined losses in dead and wounded on both sides were less than 200, was described in General Huerta's official report as "more terrific than any battle that had been fought in the western hemisphere during the last fifty years." In his last triumphant bulletin from the field General Huerta telegraphed to President Madero that his brave men had driven the enemy from the heights with a final fierce bayonet charge, and that their bugle blasts of victory could be heard even then on the crest.

Pascual Orozco, on the other hand, reported to the revolutionary Junta in El Paso that he had ordered his men to retire before the superior force of the federals, and that they had accomplished this without disorder by the simple process of boarding their waiting trains and steaming slowly off to the north, destroying the bridges and culverts behind them as they went along. One of my fellow war correspondents, who served on the rebel side during this battle, afterward told me that the federals, whose bugle calls Huerta heard on the heights, did not get up to this position until two days after the rebels had abandoned their trenches along the crest.

The subsequent advance of the federals from Rellano to the town of Jiménez, Orozco's old headquarters, which had been evacuated by him without firing a shot, lasted another week.

Here Huerta's army camped for another week. At Jiménez the long-brewing unpleasantness between Huerta's regular officers and some of Madero's bandit friends, commanding forces of irregular cavalry, came to a head. The most noted of these former guerrilla chieftains was Francisco Villa, an old-time bandit, who now rejoiced in the honorary rank of a

Colonel. Villa had appropriated a splendid Arab stallion, originally imported by a Spanish horse-breeder with a ranch near Chihuahua City. General Huerta coveted this horse, and one day, after an unusually lively carouse at general headquarters, he sent a squad of soldiers to bring the horse out of Villa's corral to his own stable. The old bandit took offence at this, and came stalking into headquarters to make a personal remonstrance. He was put under arrest, and Huerta forthwith sentenced him to be shot. That same day the sentence was to be put into execution. Villa was already facing the firing squad, and the officer in charge had given the command to load, when President Madero's brother, Emilio, who was serving on Huerta's staff in an advisory capacity, put a stop to the execution by taking Villa under his personal protection. President Madero was telegraphed to, and immediately replied, reprieving Villa's sentence, and ordering him to be sent to Mexico City pending further official investigation.

This act of interference infuriated Huerta. For the moment he had to content himself with formulating a long string of serious charges against Villa, ranging from military insubordination to burglary, highway robbery, and rape. It was even given out at headquarters that Villa had struck his commanding general.

Huerta never forgave the Madero brothers for their part in this affair, and his resentment was fanned to white heat, subsequently, when Francisco Villa was allowed to escape scot-free from his prison in Mexico City.

At length the camp at Jiménez, which had grown exceedingly dirty and unhealthy, was broken up, and Huerta resumed his slow advance northward along the railway line. Inasmuch as the rebels retreated just as steadily and slowly as the fed-

erals advanced, without attempting any real show of resistance, there was no more fighting for several weeks. The so-called campaign settled down into a mere contest of railroad destruction on one side and railroad reconstruction on the other. Whenever a railroad station with a water tank was reached on the Chihuahua desert, the federal army halted for a comfortable rest of three or four days, or more, leaving the rebels some five or six miles ahead, beyond the customary gap of burnt bridges and torn-up rails, to enjoy their leisure in their own way.

Meanwhile Huerta kept telegraphing to President Madero for more reinforcements of men, munitions, and supplies, more engines, more railway trains, and tank cars, and, above all, for more artillery. Madero kept sending them, though it cost his Government a new loan of forty million dollars. Every other day or so a new train with fresh supplies arrived at the front.

At the end of several more weeks, when Orozco had slowly retreated half-way through the State of Chihuahua, and when he found that the destruction of the big seven-span bridge over the Conchos River at Santa Rosalia did not permanently stop Huerta's advance, he reluctantly decided to make another stand at the deep cut of Bachimba, just south of Chihuahua City. This was in July.

By this time General Huerta's federal column had swelled to 7,500 fighting men, 20 pieces of field artillery, 30 machine guns, and some 7,500 camp followers and women, making a total of more than 15,000 persons of all sexes and ages, who were being carried along on more than twenty railroad trains, stretching over a dozen miles of single track. The column was so long that some of my companions and I, when we climbed a high

hill near the front end of the column at Bachimba, found it impossible to discern the tail end through our field glasses. All the hungry people that were being carried on all those twenty railroad trains had to be fed, of course, so that none of us were surprised to read in the Mexican newspapers that the Chihuahua campaign was now costing Madero's Government nearly 500,000 pesos per day.

The battle at Bachimba must have swelled this budget. During this one day's fight nearly two million rifle cartridges and more than 10,000 artillery projectiles were fired away by the federals. Huerta's twenty pieces of field artillery, neatly posted in a straight line on the open plain, barely half a mile away from his ammunition railway train, kept firing at the supposed rebel positions all day long without any appreciable interruption, and all day long the artillery caissons and limbers kept trotting to and fro between the batteries and ammunition cars. Orozco had but 3,000 men with two pieces of so-called artillery, with gun barrels improvised from railroad axles, so he once more ordered a general retreat by way of his railroad trains, waiting at a convenient distance on a bend of the road behind the intervening hills. As at Rellano, at Conejos, and at other places in the campaign where the railroad swept in big bends around the hills, no attempt was made on the federal side to cut off the rebels' retreat by short-cut flanking movements of cavalry, of which Huerta had more than he could conveniently use, or chose to use. The whole ten hours' bombardment and rifle fire resulted in but fourteen dead rebels; but it won the campaign for the Government, and earned for Huerta his promotion to Major General besides the proud title of "Hero of Bachimba."

President Madero and his anxious

Government associates were more than glad to receive the tidings of this "decisive victory." The only trouble was that it did not decide anything in particular. Orozco and his followers, while evacuating the capital of Chihuahua, kept on wrecking railway property between Chihuahua City and Juarez, and the campaign kept growing more expensive every day.

It took Huerta from July until August to work his slow way from the centre of Chihuahua to Ciudad Juarez on the northern frontier. Before he reached this goal, though, the rebels had split into many smaller detachments, some of which cut his communications in the rear, while others harried his flanks with guerrilla tactics and threatened to carry the "war" into the neighboring State of Sonora. So far as the trouble and expense to the federal Government was concerned this guerrilla warfare was far worse than the preceding slow but sure railway campaign. General Huerta himself, who was threatened with the loss of his eyesight from cataract, gave up trying to pursue the fleeing rebel detachments in person, but kept close to his comfortable headquarters in Ciudad Juarez and Chihuahua City. This unsatisfactory condition of affairs gave promise of enduring indefinitely, until President Madero in Mexico City, whose Government had to bear the financial brunt of it all, suddenly lost his patience and recalled Huerta to the capital, leaving the command in General Rábago's hands.

For reasons that were never quite fathomed by Madero's Government, Huerta took his time about obeying these orders. Thus, he lingered first at Ciudad Juarez, then at Chihuahua City, then at Santa Rosalia, next at Jiménez, and presently at Torreón, where he remained for over a week, apparently sulking in his tent like Achilles. This gave rise to grave sus-

picons, and rumors flew all over Mexico that Huerta was about to make common cause with Orozco. President Madero himself, at this time, told a friend of mine that he was afraid Huerta was going to turn traitor. About the same time, at a diplomatic reception, President Madero stated openly to Ambassador Wilson that he had reasons to suspect Huerta's loyalty. At length, however, General Huerta appeared at the capital, and after a somewhat chilly interview with the President, obtained a suspension from duty so that he might have his eyes treated by a specialist.

Thus it happened that Huerta, who was nearly blind then, escaped being drawn into the sudden military movements that grew out of General Felix Diaz' unexpected revolt and temporary capture of the port of Veracruz in October, 1912.

General Huerta's part in Felix Diaz' second revolution, four months later, is almost too recent to have been forgotten. He was the senior ranking general at the capital when the rebellion broke out, and was summoned to his post of duty by President Madero from the very first. He accompanied Madero in his celebrated ride from Chapultepec Castle to the National Palace on the morning of the first day of the famous "Ten Days," and was put in supreme command of the forces of the Government after the first hurried council of war. President Madero, totally lacking in military professional knowledge as he was, confided the entire conduct of the necessary war measures to General Huerta; but it soon became apparent that the old general either could not or would not direct any energetic offensive movement against the rebels. From the very first the Government committed the fatal blunder of letting the rebels slowly proceed to the Citadel—a fortified military arsenal—the retention of which was

of paramount importance, without even attempting to intercept their round-about march or to frustrate their belated entry into the poorly guarded Citadel. Later, when it became clear that the rebels could not be dislodged from this stronghold by street rushes, no attempt was made to shell them out of their strong position by a high-angle bombardment of plunging explosive shells.

After it was all over General Huerta explained the ill-success of his military measures during the ten days' street fighting by saying that President Madero was a madman who had spoiled all Huerta's military plans and measures by utterly impracticable counter orders. At the time, though, it was given out officially that Huerta had been placed in absolute, unrestricted command. When the American Ambassador, toward the close of the long bombardment, appealed to President Madero to remove some federal batteries, the fire from which threatened the foreign quarter of Mexico City, President Madero replied that he had nothing to do with the military dispositions, and referred the Ambassador to General Huerta, who promptly acceded to the request. On another occasion, later in the bombardment, when Madero insisted that the federal artillery should use explosive shells against the Citadel, General Huerta did not hesitate to take it upon himself to countermand the President's suggestions to Colonel Navarrete, the federal chief of artillery. Afterwards General Navarrete admitted in a speech at a military banquet that his federal artillery "could have reduced the Citadel in short order had this really been desired."

Whether General Huerta was really able to win or not is beside the issue, since the final turn of events plainly revealed that his heart was not in the fight, and that he was only waiting

for a favorable moment to turn against Madero. Before General Blanquet with his supposed relief column was allowed to enter the city, General Huerta had a private conference with Blanquet. This conference sealed Madero's doom. Later, after Blanquet's forces had been admitted to the Palace, on Huerta's assurances to the President that Blanquet was loyal to the Government, it was agreed between the two generals that Blanquet should make sure of the person of the President; while Huerta would personally capture the President's brother, Gustavo, with whom he was to dine that day. The plot was carried out to the letter.

When Huerta put Gustavo Madero under arrest, still sitting at the table where Huerta had been his guest, Huerta sought to palliate his action by claiming that Gustavo Madero had tried to poison him by putting "knock-out" drops into Huerta's after-dinner brandy. At the same time Huerta claimed that President Madero had tried to have him assassinated, on the day before, by leading Huerta to a window in the Palace, which an instant afterward was shattered by a rifle bullet from outside.

Neither of the two prisoners ever had a chance to defend themselves against these charges, for Gustavo Madero on the night following his arrest was shot to death by a squad of soldiers in the garden of the Citadel, and President Madero met a similar fate a few nights afterward. General Huerta, who by this time had got himself officially recognized as President, gave out an official statement from the Palace pretending that Gustavo Madero had lost his life while attempting to escape, and that his brother, the President, had been accidentally shot by some of his own friends who were trying to rescue him from his guard.

Few people in Mexico were inclined

to believe this official version. Yet the murder of the two Maderos, and of Vice-President Pino Suarez, as well as the subsequent killing of other prisoners, like Governor Abraham Gonzalez of Chihuahua, was condoned by many in Mexico on the ground that these men, if allowed to remain alive, were bound to make serious trouble for the new Government. It was generally hoped, at the same time, even by those who condemned these murders as barbarous, that General Huerta might still prove himself a wise and able ruler, no matter how severe.

These fond hopes were changed to gloomy foreboding only a few weeks after Huerta's assumption of the presidency, when he was seen to surround himself with notorious wasters of all kinds, and when he was seen to fall into Madero's old error of extending the "glad hand" to unrepentant rebels and bandits like Orozco, Cheche Campos, Tuerto Morales, and Salgado.

Victoriano Huerta, whether he be considered as a general or as a president, can be expressed in one word: He is an Indian.

Huerta himself proudly says that he is a pure-blooded Aztec. His friends claim for him that he has the virtues of an Indian—courage, patience, endurance, and dignified reserve. His enemies, on the other hand, profess to see in him some of the vices of Indian blood.

From what I have seen of General Huerta in the field, in private life, and as a President, I would say that he combines in himself both the virtues and the faults of his race. In battle I have seen him expose himself with a courage worthy of the best Indian traditions; nor have I ever heard it intimated by anyone that he was a coward. One of his strong points as a commander was that he was a man of few words. On the other hand, his

own soldiers at the front hailed him as a stern and cruel leader; and some of the things that were done to his prisoners-of-war at the front were enough to curdle anyone's blood.

It was during a moment of conviviality that General Huerta once revealed his true sentiments toward the United States and ourselves. This was during a banquet given in his honor at Mexico City on the eve of his departure to the front in Chihuahua, last year. On this occasion an Englishman, who had long been on terms of intimacy with Huerta, asked the General what he would do if Northern Mexico should secede to the United States and the Americans should take a hand in the fray. This question aroused General Huerta to the following extemporary speech:—

"I am not afraid of the Gringoes. Why should I be? No good Mexican need be afraid of the Gringoes. If it had not been for the treachery of President Santa Ana, who sold himself to the United States in 1847, we should

The Fortnightly Review.

have beaten the Yankees then, as we surely shall beat them the next time. Let them cross the Rio Bravo! We will send them back with bloody heads.

"We Mexicans need not be afraid of any foreign nation. Did we not beat the Spaniards? Did we not also beat the French, and the Austrians, and the Belgians, and all the other foreign adventurers who came with Maximilian? In the same way we would have beaten the Gringoes had we had a fair chance at them. The Texans, who beat Santa Ana at San Jacinto, you must know, were not Gringoes, but brother Mexicans, of whom we have reason to be proud.

"To my mind, there are only two real nations in the world, besides our old Aztec nation. Those nations are England and Japan.

"All the others cannot properly be called nations, least of all the United States, which is a mere hodge-podge of other nations. One of these days England and Japan and Mexico will get together, and after that there will be an end to the United States."

Edwin Emerson.

FEMINISM IN FRANCE. *

The fact that "feminism" figures in Murray's dictionary and is defined as "the qualities of females" justifies the statement that the word has been incorporated into the English language. But Murray adds that its use is "rare." The language would be enriched if the use of this Gallicism became more common, for, in truth, the French nation, with that genius for rapid generalization with which they are saturated, have at once perceived that "Female Suffrage" is merely a means to an end, and therefore a very incomplete definition of the series of ideas and aspirations which find favor with

the suffragists. Those aspirations clearly point to the dethronement of virility in the counsels of the State and the substitution in its place of all those "female qualities" which are embodied in the expression "feminism." It is true that moderate suffragists in this country occasionally wince under the yoke imposed on them by their more extreme associates. They hold that feminism is an exotic plant, and is not destined to cross the Channel. They are under a profound delusion. The difference between the "hyenas in petticoats"—to borrow a phrase of Horace Walpole's—who have from time to time disgraced the annals of France, and the incendiary

* "Le Suffrage des Femmes," par Théodore Joran. Paris: Arthur Savaète, 4 francs.

viragoes who have recently gained an infamous notoriety in England, is merely one of degree and opportunity. These latter, and not the moderates, are the real fuglemen of the movement. Once let the Parliamentary vote be acquired, and feminism, in a more or less extreme form, will follow as a natural consequence. It is all the more certain to do so because the moderate suffragists themselves often exhibit, although in a far less prominent degree than the extremists, those defects of character and intellect which render it undesirable that direct political power should be conferred on women.

A short time ago the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences offered a prize for the best essay on the question of whether electoral rights should be conferred on women. This prize was won by M. Théodore Joran. From the fact that M. Joran's work constitutes one of the most scathing indictments which has as yet been framed against the whole feminist movement it may be inferred that the collective opinion of the Academy is distinctly hostile to the suffragist cause.

M. Joran tells us that "political feminism is a pure product of the Revolution." Historically the statement is not quite correct. There were Pankhursts in Ancient Rome. Appian (IV. 5. 32.) tells us that a Roman matron, by name Hortensia, addressed the triumvirs in the following words: "Why should we pay taxes when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the statecraft for which you contend against each other with such baneful results?" It is, however, a fact that that strange revolutionary Marquis and mathematician, Condorcet, was the first in modern times to give a stimulus to the feminist movement. Amongst the leading revolutionists the doctrinaire Sièyes could

alone be found to share his views. They were rejected not only by the royalist Mirabeau and the terrorist Robespierre, but even by Gracchus Babeuf, who was the first propounder of socialism as a practical policy and who has been described as "a fanatic for equality."

M. Joran then shows us how interest in feminism waned when the fury of the Revolution was spent; how an attempt was made to revive the question in 1848, but, as was natural with a people so gifted with a sense of humor as the French, a proposal made by a member of the Assembly "amidst the loud laughter of his colleagues," to give municipal votes to women was "enterée sous le ridicule"; how, to the great disappointment of the feminists—who, in France as in England, constantly endeavor to identify the two wholly separate ideas of feminism and feminine talent—George Sand absolutely refused to afford them the least support; and how an extremely pretty young Frenchwoman, who in defiance of the law stood as a municipal representative at Paris in 1907, obtained a thousand votes in her favor from the gallant Parisians, who regarded the whole thing as a capital joke, although another lady, presumably less favored by nature, had only secured fifty-seven votes in 1881. M. Joran also carries us to other countries. He tells us at length the story with which we are in this country only too sadly familiar, of suffragist outrages conducted under the auspices of "Lady Pankhurst"; of how in Italy a congress of feminists "gave rise to the most picturesque spectacle of intolerance ever known," and effectively cured many ladies who attended it of their "fever for emancipation"; and of how, directly the Chinese Republic was proclaimed, the suffragists of Peking followed the example of their English sisters and proceeded to

smash windows—a truly singular illustration of the fact that one touch of nature makes the whole feminist world kin.

It is unnecessary to follow all the arguments which M. Joran adduces to justify the faith that is in him. They are familiar to most of those in this country who have paid special attention to the subject. Briefly, it may be said that M. Joran considers that "anarchy, collectivism and antimilitarism" constitute a "social trinity" in close connection with the feminist movement. It would, of course, be unjust to associate all feminists, whether French or English, with the ravings of such a woman as Louise Michel; but with the proceedings of our English "militants" fresh in our memory, who can deny the close connection between anarchy and the suffragist movement? whilst the most cursory acquaintance with current literature is sufficient to establish the fact that in the eyes of many of the most prominent suffragist leaders, socialism and feminism move in many respects on parallel lines. Further, an acquaintance with that literature fully justifies M. Joran's contention that the triumph of feminism ultimately means "war on marriage," and would be destructive of family life, a point which is apparently not fully realized by those divines in this country who, with excellent intentions but very questionable wisdom, support a movement which constitutes a grave menace to the cause of religion and morality. Amongst the many delusions cherished by some of the excellent women who have enrolled themselves under the suffragist banner without, it may confidently be asserted, being fully aware of whether they are going, none is more striking than the belief very generally entertained by feminists that women will profit if a great extension were given to facilities for divorce. In no country

are the domestic virtues more cherished than in France—a point which is often unduly ignored in this country by those who acquire entirely false conceptions from the perusal of a certain class of French literature which only represents one, and that by no means the most characteristically national aspect of French society. M. Joran thinks—and it is greatly to be hoped that he is right in thinking—that the feminist movement in France will split on the rock of French love of family. Further, in common with all thoughtful anti-feminists, he dwells upon the leading characteristics of women and holds that those characteristics disqualify them from political life. He quotes with approval the words of M. Thomas, who in 1772 published a remarkable essay in which he said: "Read history; you will find that women always display an excess of pity or an excess of vindictiveness. They are wanting in the calm strength which tells them when and where to stop. They reject all moderate views (tout ce qui est modérée les tourmente)."

It will be interesting to turn from these general considerations to an examination of the actual condition of the feminist movement in France. There is at present no question of granting Parliamentary votes to women, but a proposal based on English lines will shortly be submitted to the Chamber to allow them to vote at municipal elections. It may at first sight appear somewhat strange that in democratic France strong exception should be taken to this measure, which has been already adopted in England with fairly beneficial results. The explanation given by M. Joran is that the circumstances of the two countries differ widely. We cannot, unfortunately, claim to so full an extent as M. Joran seems to imagine that municipal affairs in England are treated

wholly on their own merits, and that political differences of opinion are non-existent factors at our municipal elections. But it may well be that they play a less important part than is the case in France. An eminent French lady, Mlle. Augot, shares M. Joran's views. "The municipal vote," she says, "is already a political vote."

M. Buisson, who has charge of the measure about to be submitted to the Chamber, has obtained the adhesion of one hundred and fifteen deputies. Of these, forty are members of the Right. It would appear that in France, as in England, a certain number of Conservative members of Parliament think that conservatism would gain in strength if the franchise were bestowed on women. M. Joran does his best to destroy this strange but hardy delusion. The remaining seventy-five members favorable to the feminist movement are socialists. As regards the state of public opinion generally, M. Joran gives an interesting analysis of the replies sent by a number of eminent men to a circular issued in 1910 by M. Jules Finot, the editor of *La Revue*, who is himself apparently a warm sympathizer with the feminist movement. As is the case in England, a certain number of Frenchmen who stand in the first rank of the intellectual life of their country are in favor of giving votes to women. Thus M. Faguet, after laying down the principle that women are much more virtuous than men—a view which depends largely on the construction placed on the very elastic term "virtuous"—goes on to say: "That is sufficient for me. They, rather than men, ought to make the law." M. Raymond Poincaré, now President of the Republic, says with laudable caution that "Before granting the suffrage to women, men would act wisely if they altered the electoral law which applies to men"—an oracular statement

which leaves us rather in doubt as to his opinions. Mr. Ruskin said that he was not in favor of granting votes to women, but would like to take them away from a number of men. Possibly, M. Poincaré is of a similar opinion, but we must not enter into the realm of conjecture. Many of those who have replied are, however, evidently much opposed to adult suffrage. M. Frédéric Passy does not see why a woman any more than a man should be restrained from talking nonsense ("émettre des sottises"). M. Andrieux thinks it impossible that women should make a worse use of the vote than that which is already made by men. M. Maurice Faure gives an answer worthy of the Sphinx which reads rather like a paraphrase of Corneille's celebrated epigram on Richelieu. "J'en pense," he says, "trop de bien pour en dire du mal, et j'en augure trop de mal pour en dire du bien." Finally the opinion of the late M. Ernest Legouvé, who had made a special and very sympathetic study of the woman question, as regards the part played by women during the Revolution, may be cited. It would suffer in translation. "Hors ces jours d'ivresse sublime, hors ces actions toutes de cœur qui sont la poésie de la politique, main non la politique même, l'intervention des femmes fut ou fatale, ou inutile, ou ridicule." Moreover, M. Legouvé, on being asked to stand as a feminist candidate for the Assembly, said that he "was too much a friend of women" to do so.

Passing from the ranks of these distinguished men to the general public, it is possible to speak with confidence as to the attitude of most Frenchmen and still more of most Frenchwomen on the subject. M. Joran says: "The attempts of the militants to galvanize the female public have been wrecked on the rock of general indifference (se heurtent à l'indifférence générale),"

and another competent witness, M. Elle Haióvy, professor at the School of Political Sciences, speaks of the "perfect apathy which the immense majority of women show to the proposed reform." On the whole it does not appear very probable that the English suffragists will meet with much sympathy or support from their French sisters. The truth, however, is that, as the figures collected by the Anti-Suffrage League clearly show, the same apathy which prevails in France exists in reality in England; but there is this notable difference between the two countries, that whereas in England a small number of mischievous agitators have succeeded in giving a fictitious importance to the question, their French counterparts have been

The National Review.

either unwilling or powerless to produce similar results. M. Joran thinks that female suffrage is not good for Latins. So far it would appear that the majority of his countrymen and countrywomen share his opinions. It is permissible for one who is not a Latin to add that neither is the system good for Teutons.

Finally it may be remarked that in one respect women are treated more liberally in France than in England. They are allowed to practise as lawyers, but it is most reasonably provided that they cannot become judges. The conservatism of the Bar has so far prevented this concession being made to Englishwomen. The grounds on which it is withheld are, however, far from convincing.

Cromer.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Trade.

Michael Cunliffe was a good friend to Roger during the next few months. The humor of it appealed to Cunliffe—that a son of the Holts should have taken to trade. He liked the man's single purpose, his readiness to learn this new game he was playing; and he took this callow business man in hand, trained him in the way to drive a bargain, made him an intimate among the little merchant circle that was paramount in Halifax. They began to know the Squire of Marshcotes for a man who turned out good shalloons by habit; whatever his own private longings for guns and fieldcraft, he saw to it that his cloth was of the fine, good fibre that commanded man's attention. They laughed at him, too—the pleasant laughter that comes from great regard—because he was so downright

and so simple, a child among them, who was learning an astonishing gift for barter.

The Squire, little by little, increased the number of his looms and workmen, until Eller Beck grew too small for its master's ambitions. By economy in building and by using most of the profits earned by a year's work, he contrived to double its size; and it was not until the new part was finished that he realized how inexperience and zeal—an ill-matched couple always—had run away with him. He had space for more power-looms, but no money with which to buy them; he would be hard put to it, in fact, to find wages for the increased staff of men employed in the old portion of the mill.

He left the mill in charge of his foreman again for one whole day, while he took Jonadab, the cob, for a scamper up the moors. It was plain to him—

gallingly plain—that he was a fool to think any Holt could have a head for business. He had been feeding on pride in the first, quick-found successes; and he had taken a fall. Why had he not been content with the mill as it was, until another year of steady work had given him capital on which to build? He did not know; no man does, when in cool moments he remembers the sweetness and the fury of a gallop, with a hedge and ditch in front that he had better have negotiated by way of a convenient gate.

The smell of the moor was ripe and fragrant, the wind sweet from the west. The long, striding riggs away towards Pendle were brave in the dappled evening light as he rode home; but he found no answer to the call of the heath. An old saw of the countryside returned to him—as old saws will, because they are bottomed on sound common sense. He had tried to walk before he had learned to creep, and the result was a mill bigger than he could fill, with looms or men.

As he passed Cicely's home of Woodhouse, he drew rein. He had been reckless in one way, and might as well be thorough. Why should he not go in, find her—in the garden or the house—and know, just for an hour or so, the ease of being near her? He could not; for all the days that had been had taught him to bring strength to her, not such weakness as was hindering him now.

Jonadab passed the Woodhouse Gate unwillingly, because he knew the feel of the master's touch on the reins; and the Squire wondered why he was hardening these days against every impulse that made for ease. Soon, he told himself, he would be abandoning his bed at Marsh, and be sleeping in the mill instead, just because it was pleasant to sup in the old way at home.

He feared himself of all things. The fight had not been short and he had

taken many wounds. This ride up the moors had only served to teach him what the strain had been. Jonadab shambled forward listlessly, half between a walk and a trot—until they were overtaken by a horseman who checked on nearing Roger and reined in beside him.

"You look tired, Roger, you and your cob. What ails you, lad?"

Roger was glad of the companionship. This banker from Heathley—taking a ride over the hills after doors were closed, according to old habit at Marsh since he remembered taking his first tip of a guinea from him.

"The family ailment, sir—want of money."

"Well, you've been drawing pretty freely lately, and I wondered if you were fooling the money away, if you'll allow an old friend liberty of speech."

"Not fooling it away exactly. I've built another wing to the mill."

"Another wing?" chuckled the banker. "You talk as if it were a house you were adding to."

"Perhaps it is, sir," said the Squire, with the half-laughing simplicity that baffled the merchant men in Halifax.

"Is that where the money has been going?" asked the other by and by. "I'm glad it's no worse, Roger."

"It seems about as bad as it can be. The new part of the mill is up, but there's nothing left to pay for looms. I should have thought of that before."

"No. You were right, I fancy."

Roger glanced at him, suspecting ridicule.

"I've been hearing gossip about you for a year past, lad. Mr. Cunliffe tells me that you've a fine sense of business; and he should know, if any man. About this building? You're anxious to have more looms at work?"

"Yes. Prices keep steady at the top of the rise, as you know. There's a market for every piece we can weave."

"Ah, I guess your secret, Roger! You're in a hurry to make money, and have done with making it—to get back to your horses again."

"I'm in a hurry, I admit. That is why I have an empty mill-shed on my hands. They'll laugh at me in Halifax when the jest gets over the border to them."

"We'd best stifle the jest, then, this side the border. It never occurred to you to come to me for an overdraft."

"It did not," assented Roger, with grim pleasantry. "You know us Holts a little too well, Mr. Hunter."

"But there's the mill itself for security."

"I hadn't thought of that, sir, I was too busy weaving shalloons."

These were not the days of bank amalgamations, and old clients were still known to their bankers, not as items on the books, but as human beings whose frailties and virtues were calculated to a nicety. As they stopped to say good-bye, a mile further on the road, Mr. Hunter took a pinch of snuff, spending some time on the ritual dear to him.

"A word in your ear, Roger. There was never such a chance of taking the trade-tide at flood; there may not be another in my lifetime. Ask for an overdraft. I'll see to it that the mill is assessed high as security. Then—say in six months' time, if prices keep steady—add another shed or two, and—oh, possibly you might overdraw a little—a very little, you understand—on the strength of that."

The Squire understood that he had another friend at his elbow, and he tried to thank Mr. Hunter.

"Tut, lad, it's sheer business. Banking is my profession, not sentiment. I tell you, they are backing you in Halifax to make your name as a mill master, and I run no risks—unless, of course, you speculate outside your business," he added, with a keen, steady glance.

"I've no wish to, sir."

"Not yet—when the temptation comes, throw it over the wall. Don't play with shares, Roger—just stick to making pieces honestly and selling 'em."

Roger went down the hill with a new zest in his adventure. Old liking for his family apart, the banker was known as a man who had a shrewd head on his shoulders; and his readiness to back the fortunes of Eller Beck was in itself a stimulus.

At the gate of Marsh Mrs. Holt was saying good-bye to Cicely, who had ridden over in search of the friendship she found nowhere on the moorside so constantly as she did at Marsh—when Adeline chanced to be absent.

"You've come at the right moment, Roger. I was trying to persuade Cicely that dusk was coming on, and the roads none too safe with all this talk of strikes. They say Phineas Oldroyd's men went out to-day."

"I'm glad to hear it, mother—nearly as glad as to ride home with Cicely. He treats his men like swine."

Roger, if he had drawn rein at Woodhouse and gone in, would have found Cicely a truant, and would have missed that meeting with his banker which already had set plans humming in his brain for the further building of his mill. He had found her at the journey's end, and was silent for a mile because it was so good to be near her. Then he began to talk of the mill—to tell her the little he had done, and the much that was in the doing—and it was poetry to him because already, a long way off, he saw Adeline's debt repaid, and himself free to go wooing where he listed.

"The frock I'm wearing is made of shalloons," she put in, with a laugh that was weary of herself and him—"but the making of the pieces does not interest me, Roger."

He had given up so much, had been

so sure that she understood the way of it all, that he withdrew from confidences. A wide gulf had opened between them, somehow, while he was building his mill and stocking it with good machinery and men. She had not grown up as yet—but he had grown—and, charm she never so wisely, Cicely could not break his mood. There was no bridge of talk that he could find to bring them together on the old road of friendship; so instead he returned to boyishness.

"It's a mile to Woodhouse, and I'll give you as far as Benjamin's farm."

"You'll not start before I reach it—honor, Roger?"

"Honor, child."

"Then I shall be home and having supper before you reach the gate."

It was the old, daft game they had played since Cicely learned to sit a horse. The race was swift, and Jondab, like his master, ran always better when the odds were long. Roger overtook her a hundred yards before they reached the gate at Woodhouse, and claimed her as his captive. There was a silence then, and Cicely wondered if this man were built of stone, like the statues she had seen in Brussels. He was, as it happened, built of stone, and wood, and steel, like his mill, until the time of freedom came. He could never do anything by halves.

She dropped him the curtsey that would irritate him most, she knew, just now. "You will not come in? No, you cannot—you have to be up early to-morrow, because *your men are needing you.*"

He reined back a little, as if she had struck him with her whip. She was deriding every impulse that kept him true to Eller Beck. "If I had folk needing me so much as that," she went on lightly, pursuing her advantage, "I should get away to the hills for a month or so—to let their hearts grow fonder for the absence, Roger."

"Not if balloons were standing at current prices."

They faced each other, their first quarrel brewing up.

"How well you've learned the mill speech—in a few months, Roger. It took me two whole years to learn deportment."

"You were not in a hurry, Cicely. I was."

"Why?" she asked impetuously, forgetting that she hated him. "Why could not Marsh House go on laughing at its poverty, as it used to do?"

"It had been laughing too long. The roof would have fallen in, if one generation had not forgotten how to laugh."

"True, p'tit monsieur—you have forgotten."

She smiled at him, gathered up the reins, and left him there. And Roger went home with a savage wonderment that life could be so muddled.

He lay awake that night, and, growing tired of his thoughts—running like phantom sheep, chased by a nightmare dog—he got up, and had covered ten miles of moor country when he returned for an early breakfast before going to the mill. Susan, the old house-keeper, was banging the front gate as he turned the corner. She was red-faced and flurried, and bobbed him a forlorn curtsey as she opened the gate again to let him through.

"Such goings on Squire! The mistress, she was saying only yest're'en the bulbs would be showing soon—those she planted last November, ye'll cal' to mind. And I warned her not to boast, I did, unless she'd a bit o' rowan wood to touch. And here's three pigs, sure as I warned her there was no good i' boasting."

Roger had been busy weaving, not actual cloth, but fresh plans for the increasing of his mill. The memory of Cicely at her gate last night—tender,

provocative, derisive—was too insistent, and during the ten miles scamper he had killed—or scotched it—by dour remembrance of that other meeting with his banker, and all it meant. He was free, so far as money went, to buy more looms, to pay the wages of more men to tend them. They trusted him, it seemed—in Halifax and Heathley—to build up a thriving business.

It took him a little time to come out of his dreams and understand what these “goings-on” were that troubled Susan. “Three pigs?” he asked vaguely.

“Ay, a gaumless lad war driving ‘em down-lane. I left th’ gate open, and in they skeitered, pig-like, and began to nose up ivery bulb the mistress planted.”

“Where are they now?” asked Roger, with the old heedless laugh.

“Digging up tulips. Soon as iver I saw ‘em yonder, I minded I’d left th’ gate open, and I ran to shut it quick. I war allus one to mend a mistake, once I made it.”

“So you shut them in, Susan After-Wit?”

She looked puzzled, then smiled in frank acknowledgment of her infirmity. “Ay, I war rightly named,” she said, throwing the gate wide open. “Third time pays for all, they say—and now me and ye, Squire, have got to drive them three pigs out o’ garden, I reckon.”

When the hunt was over, and the scattered bulbs replaced—so that his mother should not wake to annoyance later on—Roger went in to breakfast with renewed appetite. It was pleasant to be chasing pigs, and listening to Susan’s topsy-turvy view of life, instead of weaving good shalloons.

He reached the mill a half-hour or so before his men, and loitered up the streamway. Dawn’s fingers were clean and dewy still about the dingle. A primrose was showing here and there.

under sheltered banks. A kingfisher glanced up and down the dene. From the moor there came the nesting-cry of lapwings. They talked to him, these things, of all that he had given up; and, as he looked down on the rough, uncompromising bulk of his mill, he wondered that his purpose was so fixed on building until kingfishers and primroses were ousted altogether from their kingdom. It was the price he had to pay before Adeline’s outstanding debt was settled.

“We’re going to buy looms next week, Dan,” he said, meeting his foreman at the mill-door.

“Glad to hear it, Squire. There’ll niver be such prices again i’ our time. Get your looms in and set ‘em purring, if strikes ‘ull let us. Oldroyd’s men are out, and there’s news that Tim Barracough’s are going to follow; but our lads are of a different breed, I fancy.”

“We’ll chance it Dan.”

That evening lie Jack Lister rode past Woodhouse, on his way home from buying a retriever in Whycollar Dene. He, too, drew rein at the gate, and wondered whether he should go in or not. Nobody was needing him specially—no one ever did, so far as he could tell—and there was an old pain at his heart that needed stilling.

Cicely was alone, as it happened, and the world seemed very dreary to her because Roger was giving his whole heart these days to a foolish mill. Through all the years that he had hungered for her Jack Lister had never seen her so complete, so like his dreams of her, as now.

She came to greet him through the warm, muddled light of candle and a crackling log-fire. The wainscoting, the shimmer of pewter on the rack above the sideboard, spoke of ancient peace and steadfastness.

“I was brooding, Jack,” she said. “You come in a very good hour, I think.”

As they sat and talked rebellion stirred about Jack Lister. He had been silent—acquiescent almost—so long as his friend Roger was supposed to be in love with Cicely, not with Eller Beck Mill. She was looking tired, as if she needed a strong arm about her. Moorside gossip was right for once when it said that the Squire had cut himself adrift from the old wholesome life. Roger had joined the company of those who made money their prime god—his heart was hardening every day—he had ceased to be the boon-comrade of other years.

Lister watched her, as she stood there, one hand resting on the mantel, her face ruddy with the fire-glow. Then he came and touched her quietly on the shoulder. "Cicely," he said, "I've loved you since the days of pinafores."

All through that afternoon an odd heaviness had weighed on her—a something that seemed to come from without, like thunder-weather. Fight it as she would, despondency had conquered. She needed warmth and friendship—but not this queer, possessive air that Lister carried.

"I'm back into pinafores again," she pleaded, tears and laughter in her voice. "I want to find my nurse—if I had one nowadays—and cry it all out. You do not know how weak and small I feel. A knowledge of French and deportment goes such a little way, Jack, at these times."

Lister had never been able to resist a child in distress, or any weak thing needing him. He crushed down his own need of her, told himself that he had known from the beginning that Cicely was not for him. But, as he sat in the pleasant room and teased her out of this despairing mood, he knew that the times were changing fast, for himself no less than Jonathan. He had entered the lists against his old comrade, and he would wait—

patiently enough—until Cicely grew out of childhood.

When Roger came home that evening from the mill he was buoyant. He had arranged with Dan, the foreman, to ride over in the gig to-morrow and buy looms at Heathley. Already he fancied them in place, and fortune striding at the gallop under him.

"Adeline," he said, half through supper, "I've opened an account for you in the bank at Heathley."

"You are very good, Roger. I—I don't deserve it." She was thinking of her harking-back, this afternoon, to her devil-worship of sticking pins into Cicely's waxen image—a pastime indulged in seldom since Mrs. Holt had taught her the unwashed idolatry of it.

"Oh, the money's yours—a hundred pounds for a beginning. There's more owing to you, a good deal more, under my father's will—but we can't realize the capital just yet."

"Shall I be rich?" she asked, the money-hunger of her upbringing plainly written in her face.

Roger glanced at her, surprised that her low, pleasant voice could grow so hard on the sudden. "Not rich—passably well-to-do, I fancy."

"What will it matter?" she asked fretfully. "There are no shops here to spend money in."

She got up presently, pleading a headache, to get to her own room. And Roger sat looking at his empty wine-glass, wondering if his adventure of the mill were not a fool's errand after all. It was for Adeline he had exchanged the old life for stone and mortar, and the hum of looms. And she was so slight an excuse, somehow.

Mrs. Holt filled his glass for him afresh. She was the managing mother of an impulsive son, and she read his thoughts as if he told them openly.

"No, it's not for Adeline. It is for

your father. My dear, it is a fine race you're running."

"I'll take your word for it, mother—but what is the use of it all? The mean little look in Adeline's face—like a ferret's—when I talk of money—"

"The passionate, big look in your father's face, when he was dying, and pleaded with you to pay off the debt. Roger, there is more than this world, surely. You are building peace about him—I tell you what I know."

There had been a long silence between them, these last months while the mill was weaving cloth. It was broken now, for good and all. Roger had needed the leaning headstone to guide him—with Jonathan Shaw's dumb, weather-beaten appeal to wayfarers—and Mrs. Holt had needed long days of effort, of prayer o' nights on the knees that did not bend so easily as in her younger days. Both were following the same road; and between them, like the scent of wild-thyme on the hills, was the knowledge that they were wayfaring together, sure of the goal ahead.

The Times.

(To be continued.)

THE MEANING OF MEMORY.

I propose to say something about Memory, the most wonderful of all our faculties. The old Greeks, in their graceful way, called the Muses its daughters: and rightly, for it is the source and fount and vivifying principle of our intellectual life. But it is something even greater and more marvellous than that, as I hope to show in this present paper. In what I am about to write I shall endeavor to avoid technical words as much as I can. I do not, indeed, go so far as Max Müller, who believed that "it would be of the greatest benefit to mental science if such terms as impression, sensation,

perception, intuition, presentation, representation, conception, idea, thought, cognition, as well as sense, mind, memory, intellect, understanding, reason, soul, spirit, and all the rest, could be banished from our philosophical dictionaries, and not be readmitted till they had undergone a thorough purification." This seems to me too trenchant. But I do believe that many of these vocables serve, very often, not to express precise thought but to hide the absence of it. And I am sure that this is eminently so in discussions about memory. It is notable how in one of the most enlightening passages

ever written on that subject there are no technical words at all—I mean the well-known pages in St. Augustine's *Confessions*. He tells us how in the plains and spacious palaces of the memory he finds the treasures of innumerable images brought to it by the senses, or called into being by the mind's action on them. Everything has entered by its proper gateway; light and all colors and bodily forms by the eyes; all kinds of sounds by the ears; all odors by the nose; all tastes by the mouth; all corporal feeling by the touch. There they are, all these images, separate and classified, in the great hall of the memory, with its secret and ineffable abysses, ready to appear when summoned.

I demand what I will, and my will is obeyed. Some things at once come forth: others need longer search and are brought up, it would seem, from more remote receptacles: others, again, rush out in troops, and when something is sought and asked for, present themselves saying, as it were, "Are we, perchance, what is wanted?" And so with the hand of my understanding I drive them away from before my remembrance, until what I wish for is disclosed, and from its hidden depths comes to me. Great is the power of the memory, Oh my God, a fearful thing, a profound and infinite multiplicity: and this thing is the mind: and this thing I am. What, then, am I? What nature am I? A various, a manifold life, utterly immeasurable. Behold in the plains and caves and caverns of my memory, innumerable and innumerably full of innumerable kinds of things, either through images, as of all bodily forms, or through presence, as of the arts, or through I know not what notions and notations, as of the affections of the mind—which, even when the mind does not experience them, the memory retains, since whatever is in the memory is also in the mind—through all these I run, I fly: I penetrate, here and there, as deeply as I can, and there is no end:

so great is the power of memory: so great the power of life—even in man born to die.

These words of "the first modern man," as Harnack well calls St. Augustine, serve admirably as an introduction to my subject. Well does he say "tanta vis est memorie, tanta vita vis est in homine vivente mortaliter." Indeed, we must account memory the most essential characteristic of life. All our actions, even those which seem most singular or peculiar, are largely founded on it. Matter which cannot remember is dead.

And now let us contemplate some of the more important and more significant phenomena of memory: we will subsequently consider its philosophy. The word denotes a property common, in greater or less degree, to all beings endowed with sensation and thought, of preserving, reproducing, and recognizing representations of past experiences. Hence Plato well calls it "the conservative faculty." It is strictly individual: "quot homines tot memorie." But in its unity is vast complexity. In what we may call the general memory of a human being there are ever so many ramifications: particular memories, if I may thus speak. There is the memory of the eyes, the memory of the ears, and so of the other senses. And again, each of these particular memories may be decomposed. The memory of the eyes, for example, preserves not merely the colors of objects, but their brilliancy and their forms. To the pure visual memory, the memory of the retina, is joined that of the muscles of the eyes—the motive memory, which plays so important a part in all recollection. The ear retains sounds, their intensity and their *timbre*, but, in addition to that, we have the recollection of rhythm, of sonorous combinations, of sweet and delicate harmonies. Here is a certain complexity. But the complexity goes much further. The

recollection of words is a very different thing from the recollection of objects or the recollection of musical sounds. Clinical observations throw a curious light upon this fact. Cases are not infrequent when a patient has retained the recollection of things which he has seen, but cannot recall the names by which he used to describe them. Moreover, it sometimes happens that people who have lost the power of speech retain the power of song.

Again, consider the different forms and degrees of memory. In its greatest strength—"wax to receive and marble to retain"—it seems to be an almost invariable attribute of genius. Napoleon is said never to have forgotten a fact or a face. A great man of a very different order, Mozart, when composing, could remember the whole of an opera without putting pen to paper; then, when he had completed it, would he write it down in all its details. Taine, in his book *Sur l'Intelligence*, says "To recollect, to imagine, to think, is to see internally, to call up the more or less enfeebled and transformed vision of things." No doubt in the vast majority of instances the vision is enfeebled. To remember ideas or sensations so vividly that they seem objects of actual perception is the prerogative of few. This luminous vision receives generally the name of imagination. Aristotle regarded it as a separate faculty. "Memory," he said, "pertains to that part of the soul to which imagination pertains." Most modern psychologists reckon two forms of imagination, the reminiscent and the representative; and when the representative faculty is most highly developed, as in art, they consider that we have memory in its most perfect form. The lowest form of it is found in idiots and lunatics; but sometimes these unfortunate people make a striking display of recollection. For exam-

ple, they will manifest a curious capacity for recalling musical airs, figures, dates, proper names. I may remark, in passing, upon the singular power of memory displayed by some animals. How touching is that passage in the *Odyssey* which relates that Ulysses, returning to Ithaca after his protracted wanderings, was recognized only by his old dog Argos. The faithful beast, when he saw his master, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail and died.

One thing which is absolutely certain is that nothing which once enters into the memory ever leaves it. "There is no such thing," says De Quincey, "as ultimate forgetting: traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible." A man's whole life, outward and inward, is written there in ineffaceable characters: nothing is omitted: not a thought of the mind, nor a feeling of the heart, nor an inspiration of the soul, pure or impure; all is there, needing only the necessary stimulus to bring it out. Who does not know how the odor of a flower will revive for us a past which had seemed to have utterly vanished away? So Landor, in inimitably graceful verse:

Sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter
thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory,
That would let drop without them her
best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones
of love.

This is a partial excitation of the memory, and, of course, it may be brought about in a hundred ways, as every man knows from his own experience. But I may here mention a curious instance of it which M. Ribot gives in his well-known work, *Les Maladies de la Mémoire*. A young lady fell down an iron staircase and was found insensible at the bottom of it. After her recovery she had no recollection of the

cause of her illness or of the scene of the accident. Five years passed away, and then she chanced to go to the same place again, and immediately what had happened to her flashed before her mind. She remembered that she had become giddy and had tumbled down the staircase. Abercrombie, in his book on the *Intellectual Powers*, tells an even more striking story. A lady in the last stage of chronic disease was carried from London to a house in the country; her infant daughter was taken to see her there in her sick room and then was brought back to Town. The lady died a few days afterwards, and the daughter grew up to mature age without any recollection of her mother. After a long time she happened to be brought into the same room without knowing that her mother had died there. She started on entering it, and when asked the cause of her agitation, replied "I have a distinct recollection of having been in this room before, and that a lady, who lay in that corner, and seemed very ill, leaned over me and wept."

But besides these partial excitations of the memory there are general excitations. I observe that M. Ribot, in his book just mentioned, seems indisposed to admit them. Perhaps this is—I trust I may make the conjecture without offence—because they are extremely difficult to adjust with the materialistic theory to which he adheres, and concerning which I shall have to speak hereafter. But the fact of them seems to be quite unquestionable: nay, I may even say that the evidence for them is overwhelming. De Quincey tells us of a near relative of his own who, having fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death, "saw in a moment his whole life arrayed before him as in a mirror, not successively but simultaneously, and had a faculty developed, as suddenly, for comprehending the whole and every

part." Admiral Bickford relates a similar experience. He, too, was on the verge of drowning, upon one occasion; indeed, suffocation had begun; and then, he says:

The whole period of my past existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong or by some reflections on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events, which had long been forgotten, then crowded upon my imagination and with the character of recent familiarity. . . . The length of time that was occupied with this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of the time into which they were compressed, I cannot now state with precision: yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to the time of my being hauled up.

As a parallel to this account I will place before my readers a bit of the magnificent hymn of St. Peter Damiani. "Gravi me terrore pulsas," which has been well called "the *Dies Irae* of everyday life." The poet imagines himself to be on the bed of death, and pictures "pavendum illud spectaculum"—that terrible spectacle when life's journey is almost accomplished and the summons to go hence has arrived. Fearfulness and trembling come upon him and a horrible dread overwhelms him, as the spectre of his past arises and confronts him with the dread question "Departing soul, how hast thou used thine opportunities? How will thy account lie?"

Præsto sunt et cogitatus, verba,
cursus, opera,
Et pœ oculis nolentis glomerantur
omnia:
Illuc tendat, hue se vertat, coram videt
posita.

Torquet ipsa reum sua mordax con-
scientia,
Plorat acta corrigiendi defluxisse tem-
pora,

Plena luctu caret fructu sera pœnitentia.

Falso tunc dulcedo carnis in amarum vertitur,
Quando brevem voluptatem perpes pœna sequitur:
Jam quod magnum credebatur nil fuisse cernitur.¹

Memory outlasts consciousness. A moribund person who fails to recognize those nearest and dearest to him around his bed will talk of incidents of his childhood. The dying Falstaff "babble of green fields." More. We may say—we *must* indeed say—that memory is the only stable portion of us. Memory endures while everything is in constant flux. Erdmann puts it strikingly: "Leben ist nicht sein: ist werden: sein ist der Tod." Yes: life is not being, it is becoming: to be, is—death. When we consider it well, what is the present? There is nothing which has less actuality if we understand by it that indivisible limit which separates the past from the future. When we think of the present as going to be, it has, as yet, no existence; and when we think of it as existing it has already passed. But if, on the contrary, you consider the concrete present as really lived by consciousness, we may say that it consists, in great part, of the immediate past. In the fraction of a second that the shortest possible perception of light endures, trillions of vibrations have taken place, the first of which is separated from the last by an enormously divided interval. Your perception, however instantaneous it may be, consists of an incalculable multitude of remembered elements, and in truth all perception is already memory. Practically we

¹ The late Mr. Digby Wrangham's excellent translation of these stern verses is as follows:

Then rise up old thoughts and sayings,
habits formed, and actions done;
And, as an unwelcome vision, crowd
upon him every one:
Turn he hither, stretch he thither, from
his sight they ne'er are gone.

perceive only the past, the pure present being the unseizable progress of the past eating away the future.²

We saw just now that memory outlasts consciousness. How long, then, does it endure? Does this wonderful faculty, in some sort the real life of the individual, persist after the death of the body? The question may be divided into two. The first is, Whether memory is transmitted from one generation to another, whether there is such a thing as unconscious, hereditary memory? The other, Whether individual memory survives the dissolution of the corporal organs with which it has been linked? The second of these questions, which I suppose would be called speculative, we will glance at later on. The first, as we are now considering certain phenomena of memory, may fitly receive attention here.

Now we are sometimes told that we owe the distinctive qualities of our memory more to heredity than to anything else. It is a bold assertion which appears to me not to be within measurable distance of proof. But what is certain is this: that we find in man, and still more clearly in the lower animals, desire to gratify an instinct before experience of the pleasure that will ensue on its gratification, and,

Conscience' self, with gnawing twinges,
racks within his guilty breast,
He laments the fitting seasons for
amendment that are past:
Full of grief, but wholly fruitless, proves
his penitence at last.

Fleshy pleasure's feignèd sweetness
then to bitterness is turned,
When the endless torment follows by
its short-lived transports earned,
What he once thought great, already
to be nothing is discerned.

² I have before me, as I write, an admirable page (168) of M. Bergson's "Matière et Mémoire," from which I have translated a few sentences. One which I do not translate, because it would lose so much in translation, is "Vous définissez arbitrairement le présent ce qui est, alors que le présent est simplement ce qui se fait." I may here refer to the pages of this work immediately preceding those before me, for an excellent discussion of the question which we cannot help asking ourselves, "Où se conserve le souvenir?" We forget that the category "where," like the category "whence," applies only to material existence.

similarly, desire to avoid a danger before experience can have taught the fear of it. A duck hatched by the hen makes straight for the water. A little dog who has never seen a wolf will be thrown into convulsions of terror by the slight smell attaching to a piece of wolf skin. Why? By instinct, the reply would generally be. But what do you mean by "Instinct"? it may be further demanded. And to this demand the vast majority even of thoughtful persons would have no adequate answer. Well, a school of thinkers, of whom the late Mr. Samuel Butler is the best known in this country, tells us that instinct is unconscious memory. The duck just hatched, he explains, makes for the water because it remembers what it did when it was one individuality with its parents, and when it was a duckling before. The wolf skin brings up the ideas with which it had been associated in the little dog's mind during his like previous existence, so that, on smelling it, he remembers all about wolves quite well. There is, he insists, a sense, an enduring sense in the germ, of its experiences in the person of its ancestors; he attributes memory—yes, and will also—to the embryo. And if the personal identity of successive generations be admitted—as in some sort it surely must be—the possibility of the second of the generations remembering what happened to it when it was one with the first, is obvious. A recent writer of great ability discussing this problem expresses himself as follows:

In ourselves, and, in a greater or less degree, in all animals, we find a sort of special tissues set apart for the reception and storage of impressions from the outer world, and for guiding the other organs in their appropriate responses—the Nervous System—and when this system is ill-developed, or out of gear, the remaining organs work badly for lack of proper skilled guid-

ance and co-ordination. How can we then speak of memory in a germ-cell which has been screened from the experiences of the organism, which is too simple in structure to realize them, even if it were exposed to them? My own answer is that we cannot form any theory on the subject; but the only question is whether we have any right to infer this memory from the behavior of living beings: and Butler, like Hering, Haeckel, and more modern authors, has shown that this inference is a very strong presumption.²

It is, we may say, borrowing a phrase from the theologians, if not a demonstrated fact, at all events, *facto propositum*.

So much must suffice as to the phenomena of memory. Let us proceed to glance at its philosophy. Now the faculty of memory is usually treated under the head of psychology, and, until of late years, psychology has been held, as its name implies, to be a branch of learning dealing with the human mind or soul which was understood to be an indivisible, intelligent principle animating the body, and of which memory, understanding and will were regarded as faculties. This is what psychology meant for Aristotle, for Aquinas, for Kant. It meant the study of thought: of the nature and activities of the thinking subject. But in these latter days a school has arisen—and it is adorned by many considerable names—which will not allow of the existence of psychology in the sense so long received. Early in the last century Maine de Biran uttered the warning "O psychologie, garde-toi de la physique." But psychology has been quite unable to repulse the rude attack. It has been treated by many writers, most competent in their own domain, as a subsidiary department of biology, and, as Dr. Martineau complained, with reason, these gentlemen

² Hartog's "Principles of Life and Reproduction," p. 259.

"have caused much confusion by the employment of physiological terms to describe mental states." In particular, "British psychologists have been seeking to convert their science into a mere natural history of psychical phenomena." They reduce what had been called the soul to an aggregation, a procession of conscious states, held together by no real bond. They ignore intellect as a higher rational activity, awakened indeed by sense, but transcending it: they tell us that it is transformed sensation, which seems to me an assertion that the effect is greater than the cause. And so their view of memory is frankly materialistic. I use that adjective, let me explain, not as a term of opprobrium, but of accurate description. It appears to me the only adjective available rightly to characterize the school which recognizes nothing but sensible experience, and derives its data solely from that: for which mere movement is the only reality, and mechanical force the last word of everything. I reject the hypothesis resting on these foundations as unproved and unprovable: nay, as contradicted by physiological experience itself. So much in passing. To return to the point before us. The school of physiological psychologists holds that mind is nothing but a function of the brain, and that there is only a difference of intensity between perception and remembrance: they agree with M. Ribot that "memory is essentially a biological fact—by accident a physiological fact." It is for them merely a matter of nerve fibres and nerve cells in the brain, and of cerebral registration, and they find in the revival of an old neural tremor the explanation of recollection. "Memory," says Dr. Maudsley, "is in fact the conscious phase of this physiological disposition, when it becomes active or discharges its functions on the recurrence of the particular mental experi-

ence." It is a mere hypothesis, and not a specially credible one. Father Maher effectively points out that "it simply ignores the essence of the problem—the act of recognition." And as this acute critic goes on to observe:

Apart from the insuperable difficulty due to the physiological law of metabolism—the fact of perpetual change going on in the material substance of the body—which remains untouched, this hypothesis fails to distinguish between the *reproduction* of states like former ones and the *identification* of this similarity. The problem to be solved is how some striking experience, such as the sight of Cologne Cathedral, the death of my father, a friend's house on fire, the first pony I rode, can be so retained during a period of fifty years that, when an old man, I feel absolute certainty of the perfect agreement in many details between the representation of the event now in my mind and the original perception. The circumstance that the passage of a neural tremor through a system of nerve-fibres may leave there an increased facility for a similar perturbation in the future, in no way indicates how this second excitation or its accompanying mental state is to *recognize* itself as a *representation* of the first. To account for the facts there is required a permanent principle distinct from the changing organism, capable of retaining the old states in some form or other, and also in virtue of its own abiding identity, capable of *recognizing* the resuscitated image as a representation of the former cognition. Given such a principle, the persistence of physiological "traces" or "vestiges" may facilitate its powers of reproduction, and may serve to account for differences in individual endowments; but without such an abiding mind the plastic properties of the nerve are useless to explain the fact.

Such, then, appears to me to be a sufficient reason—it is only one out of many equally cogent which might be adduced—for rejecting the speculations of the psychophysiolists concerning

memory. If the difference between perception and recollection is a difference not of degree but of *nature*—as appears to me certain—the materialistic hypothesis is untenable. It is not, indeed, a brand-new hypothesis. Lucretius taught long ago that the soul is born with the body, grows with the body, perishes with the body. Our psychophysiologists, however, have gone beyond the Latin poet, and insist that there is no soul at all.⁴ But their hypothesis is a nude assertion, not adorned by poetic genius, but accompanied by analyses of the elements and states of cognition which assuredly do not in the least establish it. Of course I am not ungrateful to these psychophysiologists for their patient and protracted researches into the working of the nervous system, the organic condition of the mental faculties, the part played by matter in the operations of the intellect. Especially curious and interesting is what they tell us about the mechanism of the memory. But to explain *how a faculty works* is not to explain the faculty. I know that every act of the human memory is a physical act; but that does not imply that it is not something more. I know that variations in the capacity of the memory, in various organisms, are determined by corporeal or chemical conditions, as Professor Loeb instructs us at length in his work on the *Comparative Physiology of the Brain*; but it does not follow that memory is nothing but corporeality or chemistry. I know, again, that cerebral affections, when there is organic disease of the brain substances, are accompanied by loss of memory; but that does not prove that memory is merely a function of the

⁴ So Dr. Maudsley, one of the frankest, and I may be permitted to say one of the ablest, of them, in answer to the question, What is the mind, "the thinking substance"? replies: "The physiologist answers that it is the brain, not any supposititious metaphysical entity, of the existence of which he has no evidence whatever, and of the need of which as a hypothesis he is not conscious."—"The Physiology of the Mind," p. 128.

brain any more than the fact that a musician cannot produce certain sounds, if the notes whereby he expresses them are wanting, or are injured, proves that he is a function of his instrument. No:

the soul is not the body, and the
breath is not the flute;

Both together make the music; either
marred, and all is mute.

The close connection of the memory and the brain is certain; but close connection is not identity. Unquestionably memory belongs to the organic: it is unknown in the inorganic world. Unquestionably it is traceable to a nerve-wave of the brain. "In one tenth of a second the nerve-wave is damped down. But the return to equilibrium is never complete or absolute. It falls of that by an infinitely small quantity. The neuron is no longer in the same state as before. It retains the memory of the wave, which will never be effaced: a nerve-wave of the brain is never completely extinguished."

Here [continues the savant, whose words I am quoting] we are on the confines of two totally distinct worlds—the world of physics and the world of psychology. What is infinitesimally small in the physical world may possibly be infinitely great in the psychological world. The nerve wave, in its form and period, and in the mode of its damping, is comparable with the various waves of the unbounded universe in which we live, move, and have our being. But this resemblance must not lead us away from the recognition of the abyss that separates the nerve-wave from all the other phenomena within our reach. The vibrations of the forces scattered about us are—at least with the greatest possibility—blind phenomena which know not themselves, which are the slaves of irresistible fatality. The nerve-wave on the contrary knows and judges itself: it is self-knowing or self-conscious: it can distinguish itself from the world

which surrounds and shakes it. This vibration enters into the domain of morals: and that fact establishes its essential difference from all other vibrations. The physiological theory of the damping of the nerve-wave is in agreement with the grand psychological fact of memory.

Yes, "the *psychological* fact of memory." It is that: not merely a physiological fact, disguised, perhaps, in an uncouth vocable as psychophysiological by teachers who would have us believe that man's conscious life is merely a subjective phase, an incidental aspect of necessary physical processes, whereof what is called the human mind is only a concomitant aspect. But the topic is too large. I must refer the reader desirous of following it further, to an invaluable chapter—the third—in M. Bergson's book *Matière et Mémoire*. I will here translate a few sentences giving the conclusions at which he arrives:

The doctrine which makes of memory an immediate function of the brain, a doctrine which raises insoluble difficulties, a doctrine the complication of which defies all imagination, and the results of which are incompatible with the data of internal observation, cannot even count upon the support of cerebral pathology. All the facts and all the analogies are in favor of a theory which would see in the brain only an intermediary between sensations and movements, which would make of that totality of sensations and movements the extreme point of mental life, a point ceaselessly inserted in the tissue of events, and which, attributing thus to the body the unique function of directing the memory towards the real, and of binding it to the present, would consider that memory as even absolutely independent of matter. In this sense, the brain contributes to recall the useful recollection, but still more to put aside provisionally all the others. We do not see how memory could locate itself in matter. But we well understand—according to the

profound observation of a contemporary philosopher—that "materiality induces in us oblivion."

Sir William Hamilton regards physiological hypotheses on the subject of memory as "unphilosophical": nay, he asserts that "all of them are too contemptible even for serious criticism." For myself, I do not adopt this severe language. I would rather recall that profound dictum of Schopenhauer: "The materialists endeavor to show that all—even mental phenomena—are physical, and rightly: only they do not see that, on the other hand, everything physical is metaphysical." The truth is, this controversy about memory—as my readers will doubtless have already recognized—is part of a larger issue. We all know, of course, that the only way in which the external world affects the nervous system is by means of motion. Light is motion, sound is motion, touch is motion, taste and smell are motion. The nervous system brings to the brain the motion of the world's particles. The brain, in turn, reacts upon the world's particles through the nerves of motion. Hence the generalization has been arrived at by a popular school that matter and motion explain all, and, as a corollary to it, the doctrine formulated by M. Ribot that "the ego at each instant is nothing but the sum of the actual states of consciousness, and of the vital actions in which consciousness has its root." For myself, I hold the contrary doctrine that the very notion of the ego arises from the permanency of the thinking subject, as contrasted with the succession of states, and that recognition thereof is possible only through memory; and it seems to me that this view is vastly more in accordance with the facts of our inner life. Does it admit of proof? No doubt a number of very pretty syllogisms might be adduced in support of it. It is equally without doubt that

they would not produce conviction in a mind dominated by a first principle which blocks belief; and such a first principle is this, that our only proper reason for belief is some physical, some perceptible evidence: that what is called positive and verifiable experience is the sole criterion of certainty. But this first principle is utterly unsustainable. The evidence, the criterion which it requires, are not the only tests of truth. We believe, and rightly—we cannot help ourselves—a multitude of things for which such evidence, such a criterion, are not available. Surely it is much more reasonable to hold that it is not the corporal brain, a mere mass of matter, that acts upon sensation, but a permanent, personal energy; a dynamic, immaterial principle of individuation, revealed in consciousness, of which the brain is the agent.⁸ The old Greeks saw this—what did they fail to see which is worth seeing? Epicharmus put it two thousand years ago with much simplicity and force: "It is not the eye that sees but the mind: it is not the ear that hears but the mind: all things except mind are blind and deaf." "Ego, ego animus," said St. Augustine: and he seems to me to speak more wisely than M. Ribot. Professor Knight in his book on Hume remarks "A succession of states of mind has no meaning except in relation to the substate of self that underlies the succession giving it coherence, identity, and intellectuality." And Mill confesses that the proposition "Something which *ex hypothesi* is a series of feelings is aware of itself as a series" must be described as a paradox.

I know of no reasoning which has any real validity against our consciousness of personal identity, of an immaterial principle of individuation. Take,

⁸ M. Bergson quaintly compares the brain to a kind of central telephonic bureau; its work to establish the communication, or to cause one to wait for it.

for example, Mr. Herbert Spencer's famous argument, so much relied on by his disciples. What—to quote Father Maher's pungent words—does that argument amount to but this: "that the fact of being conscious of a permanent self, demonstrates that it is merely transitory"? Nay, instead of saying that the "soul" is a function of the body, would it not be more reasonable to say that the soul *forms* the body? This has been well put by a thinker of a very different school from Father Maher. "The physicist," the late Mr. David Syme wrote, "has failed to explain the phenomena of organic life. What he puts forward as the causes of these phenomena are only the effects of an antecedent and unknown cause. He evades the conclusion to which the facts inevitably lead, that behind the brain, ganglia, germ cell, and protoplasm, there must be a force of some kind, a primordial cause of all organic movement. This primordial cause we may call the organizing power. It is this which builds up the body cell by cell, organ by organ, system by system." Of course, we may, if we please, call this "force—this primordial cause," "the organizing power": but I see no reason why we should not, with Aristotle, give the name mind or soul to it as the one vital principle informing and animating the corporal frame—the *form* of the body, in scholastic terminology. It may, however, be asked, what do we really know about this soul—its origin, its nature, its union with the corporal frame, its seat? These are questions which have been abundantly discussed, with vastly differing results. Thus, to mention only one point. St. Paul believed in a spiritual body: the early Christian Fathers could not conceive of an unmortal mind: modern Catholic theologians hold, as Cardinal Newman expresses it, that "the soul is not only one, and without parts, but more-

over, as if by a great contradiction in terms, is in every part of the body: it is nowhere but everywhere." I must refer the reader who would pursue these high topics to the learned writers who have so laboriously dealt with them, hoping that he will arrive at more definite conclusions than have been possible for me. "They ask each other about the soul," said the great Arabian Prophet; "tell them God hath reserved the knowledge of it to Himself: He has left us but little light."

One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the soul can operate and be operated on without the intermedium of the bodily organs. This is abundantly evident—to go no further—from the facts of telepathy. Moreover, by memory, which we may justly regard as the essence of mind, we transcend time and space, and escape, for a while, from the bondage of the "muddy vesture of decay" which so closely hems us in. And if these things are so—as they assuredly are—may we not most reasonably believe that death has no dominion over the soul, the mind, the organizing power? That we yield to it, in the words of the Roman poet, nothing more than nerves and skin.

But an objection may here be made. Memory is the basis of all thought, feeling, and experience for us. But is it not that for the lower animals too? Well, we must not forget the caution of Max Müller that "we may infer all we like as to what passes in the minds of animals, and always do infer exactly what we like." We cannot argue from our inner life to theirs. Our *knowledge* is very small of the mental states even of our dogs and horses, with their wistful eyes and their winning ways. The most prevailing of the world's religions does, indeed, regard all sentient existence, "groaning and travailing in pain together with us," as morally responsible like us, as un-

der the same supreme law of right and retribution. Far be it from me to speak of the teaching of the Buddha otherwise than with the deepest reverence. The doctrine of *karma* exhibiting all existence, divine, human, animal, as linked together by a chain of moral causation, is an ethical conception unsurpassed in grandeur. But if we weigh the matter well, have we sufficient grounds for supposing that the creatures on the earth beneath us in the scale of being are endowed, as we are, with the power of willing good as good, with capability of right and wrong, of merit and demerit? There can be no doubt that we find in the lower animals organic memory and imagination. But can we attribute to them that intellectual faculty of reflection, whereof man makes such vast use? Is there not a chasm between our simplest ratiocination and the highest forms of their intelligence? Is not the great, the impassable barrier which divides us from them, reason with language as its outcome?

But to return from these, "our poor relations," to ourselves. Plato, as we saw at the beginning of this article, called memory "the conservative faculty." May it not be that in a deeper sense than Plato meant? To what end the storing up of life's history in its secret recesses? Surely there is some end. Reason itself requires that there should be. I think the end is indicated in that profound utterance of Eastern wisdom: *A deed does not perish.* The command of conscience reveals to us a law within, imposing upon us, with its categorical imperative "Thou oughtest," an absolute obligation to do, or to forbear.⁶ This law implies a penal

⁶ It may be necessary here—it ought not to be, for the point has been abundantly disposed of, over and over again—to answer an objection drawn from the fact that the moral judgments found among men are diverse and irreconcileable; a fact from which Montaigne—and multitudes have gladly followed him—proceeded to the conclusion: "les lois de la conscience que nous disons naître de la nature, naissent de la coutume"; "les règles de

sanction which will vindicate it: that is of the essence of all law. But assuredly, in our world, the moral law is *not* vindicated: it is denied, outraged, trampled under foot, apparently with impunity. Here is, as Kant irrefragably insisted, the supreme argument for a Hereafter, in which it *shall* be vindicated. Without that it would be a mere counsel, powerless to dominate unruly wills and affections. Yes: lose belief in this ultimate triumph of right, and fraud and force invade the place, as Hobbes puts it, of "the cardinal virtues"; the wild beast in man asserts predominance: the only motive operative, for the vast majority, to resist temptations, to govern passions, to do justice and love mercy, disappears: for is it not true—as true now as when Aristotle wrote the words—"It is not the nature of the bulk of mankind to obey from a sense of shame, but from fear, nor do they abstain from evil because it is wrong, but because of punishment."

The Nineteenth Century and After.

ment"? But no: *A deed does not perish*. What a man sows here, that shall he also reap hereafter. This great law of remunerative and retributive justice is one of the most deeply seated, as well as one of the most rational beliefs of the human race. Rightly has it found place in the teaching of all the great religions of the world, however we may feel towards the eschatological representations in which they have presented it. And in memory is the imperishable record of how our account lies. It is "the book of a man's deeds," spoken of in the *Qu'ran*, which, "on that great and exceeding bitter day, when the heavens shall be rent asunder, and the stars shall be dispersed, and the seas shall be mingled, and the sepulchres overthrown, shall be put into the hands of each—himself called to witness that the Lord will not deal unjustly with anyone." In this tremendous picture is revealed to us, *per speculum et in anigmate*, the Meaning of Memory.

W. S. Lilly.

A SAXON DIPLOMATIST OF THE 'THIRTIES.

The opportunity of a "private view" into the personal side of history is becoming a rare privilege in these days of the broadcast publication of reminiscences; but such a piece of good fortune recently fell to the writer of this paper when he was kindly given access to some papers left by Baron de Gersdorff, who held the position of Saxon Minister Resident in London during the reign of William IV. and

the early days of Queen Victoria. Gersdorff may now be forgotten in London, but there was a time when he was a well-known figure in English society. He was a very early friend of the late King Edward VII., to an audience with whom he was admitted within a week of the latter's birth. The acquaintance was subsequently improved, and to the end of his life King Edward habitually talked about "old

la justice ne sont qu'une mer flottante d'opinions." But the conclusion does not follow. Montaigne confounds the idea of duty in general with men's notions of their particular duties. No metaphysician holds the moral law to be an immediate datum of consciousness: a ready-made law, so to speak, which reflection discovers in us. The consciousness of moral obligation is bound up with the consciousness of self. The sense of duty is universal: it is a form of the mind: but it may be said to exist as a blank form, which may be filled up in a variety of ways. It is the revelation of an idea, bound to develop according to its proper laws, like the idea, say, of geom-

etry. The ethical ignorance of barbarous tribes is no more an argument against the moral law than their ignorance of the complex and recondite properties of lines and figures is an argument against geometrical law. Kant admirably observes, in the "Metaphysics of Morals," "We know our own freedom, from which all Moral Laws, and consequently all Rights, as well as all Duties, arise, only through the Moral Imperative which is an immediate Injunction of Duty, whereas the conception of Right, as a ground of putting others under obligation, has afterwards to be developed out of it."

Gersdorff" to a lady descended from the latter, whom he sometimes met.

Gersdorff was popular, was invited everywhere, and enjoyed the hospitality of many historic houses. William IV. seems to have taken a fancy to him from the first; amongst other things, for the curious but characteristic reason that Gersdorff, having in his boyhood come within measurable distance of becoming a naval cadet at Copenhagen, ranked in his eyes almost as a naval officer; and he became a constant guest at the Royal table. The King appears to have been rather unreasonably touchy on some points; he found it hard to forgive any foreign Royalty who was a little tardy in paying his respects upon landing on British soil; and he was extremely angry with poor Hudson for taking a night's well-earned rest before reporting himself to his Sovereign on returning from his historic journey to fetch Peel home from Italy in the political crisis of 1834. But, on the whole, in these pages he radiates with kindness, good-nature, and high spirits. On one occasion, while Gersdorff was his guest at Windsor, the King asked him whether he was going up to London for the next day's levée—a duty which he would have been bound to perform, however reluctant to leave the delights of Windsor and face the dust and worry of a double journey. "Restez ici," said the King. "Je me charge de faire vos excuses au Roi."

One morning at the Castle Gersdorff was invited for music to Lady Falkland's room, and while, accompanied by her, he was singing a German song at the piano, noticing smiles, he turned round and found that the King had entered silently and unexpectedly, and "was imitating the gestures and attitudes of a fashionable singer." His high spirits seem often to have found vent in toasts at dinner; for instance,

he used always to take wine with Lady Jersey with the words: "To the left side of Temple Bar," and each time took fresh delight in this playful, but somewhat artless, allusion to her paternal Bank. After the ladies had gone the toasts grew somewhat broader, and the conversation generally took a naval turn. One evening he told of the capture by an English man-of-war of a French ship bound for the West Indies with a large cargo of hair-powder and pomatum. This the midshipmen promptly baked into hot rolls, using the powder as flour and the pomatum as butter. Admiral Sir John Woolmore, who happened to be dining at Buckingham Palace, at once capped this by saying that the crew of the *Victory* had made themselves "beastly drunk" on their return journey after Trafalgar by tapping the rum in which Nelson's body had been preserved.

The King's love for his old service shows itself everywhere, and we hear of magnificent maritime manœuvres carried out under his supervision on Virginia Water by the naval officers of his suite to the strains of a Guards band posted on the shore. These evolutions were performed in the old long-boat of the *Victory*, which had been rigged up as a model frigate, and the King himself, watch in hand, used often to direct the firing of the salute by its guns.

His medical advisers had succeeded in cutting down his allowance of alcohol at dinner to one bottle of sherry, and by means of treachery in the Royal pantry had even contrived partially to dilute this with water. But this relative moderation did not prevent him from frequently falling asleep at table or in the drawing-room. He did not, however, like his guests to follow his example. We are told of an Anglo-maniac Count who came to England as representative of Russia at the Con-

ference of London which assembled in 1832 to settle the affairs of Belgium. This nobleman managed to dispose of his duties in London in one or two days every week, and spent the rest of his time hunting at Melton. One evening at dinner in Buckingham Palace he "carried his imitation of English manners to such a length as to go to sleep at the King's table," to which in consequence he was never invited again.

William did not suffer drinkers of water gladly, and on one occasion when Leopold, King of the Belgians, who was no favorite of his, had the temerity to ask one of the Royal servants for a glass of that beverage, the King's indignation burst forth with "What are you doing? Water is not drunk at my table."

In this epoch of widespread Teutophobia and Gallomania it is almost refreshing to read of William's old-fashioned hatred of France and all things French. It needed all Queen Adelaide's tact to persuade him to show the Duke of Orleans the barest hospitality; a pair of red pantaloons at a levée threw him into a frenzy; and when at Windsor a Neapolitan prince fresh from a review in Paris referred to the French troops as the finest in the world, he shouted out across the table "No, I'll be damned if they are!" On another occasion he asked Gersdorff what he knew of the antecedents of the Duc de Trévise, the President of the Council at the Tuilleries, but cut him short almost at the first word of his answer with "I know, I know, but I won't hear any more about these rascals." Finally, in the face of an existing alliance, he selected his speech at a regimental dinner as the most suitable place in which to refer to the French as "our natural enemies."

Nor were his feelings towards Russia very different. "There are not ten honest men in France and Russia put

together," he once said to Gersdorff, and proceeded to name them and explain away their apparent French or Russian nationality. In 1831, when the Grand-Duchess Helena of Russia visited England, he began his speech of welcome to her with "J'aime l'Empereur de Russie, il reste chez lui." On another occasion this model of discretion, when conducting the Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs round Windsor Castle, pointed to the portrait of the Czar Nicholas with the words "Voilà l'archi-arlequin de son temps," and launching into a violent anti-Russian tirade concluded with "Il faudra bientôt les rosser."

In strong contrast is the tact of Queen Adelaide. We know that she could not understand English politics; but apart from this her *savoir-faire* seems to have been remarkable, and Gersdorff at any rate is grateful to her for rescuing him from many an awkward predicament in which her husband's reckless conversation had placed him. Her position with regard to the Fitz-Clarences could have been by no means easy, yet in spite of rebuffs she treated them with the utmost consideration and kindness, and even went so far as to send each of them a cheque for 100*l.* every year at Christmas. We should imagine that this would be a respectable figure for a stepmother's Christmas present even in New York.

Gersdorff had a sincere admiration for England and the English, and in particular for the first ranks of the aristocracy. He was very far from being a snob, and made many warm friendships among families without any great distinction of birth; but he seems to have found the social atmosphere at the very summit more congenial than that immediately below it. In a letter to a friend written in 1835 he says:

Although England is blessed with an

abundance of what we call good society on the Continent, it is only among those persons of high rank who form the cream of London society that the art of putting one really at one's ease is understood. Among them there is a simpler tone even in their luxury, and although this is quite sufficient to dazzle a poor foreigner, it is more a matter of course than in the second rank of society, where one has the feeling that one's host only invites one with the object of having "a full house" every day of the week, and of getting an opportunity to air the family plate and the powdered footmen.

He waxes very enthusiastic about a visit to Lord Jersey at Middleton, which he describes as "offering to its guests every possible rational enjoyment."

By way of contrast he received at this time a letter from a relative in Saxony who had known the joys of English hospitality at one time, and whom the letter shows to have had an intimate knowledge not only of England, but of English ideas about Germany. He complains bitterly of the form of social amusements prevalent among his own neighbors; with whom he must spend his days

tirant des lièvres par douzaines, mangeant des "Butterbemmchen" et "raw ham" avec les doigts, avalant la fumée des pipes de mes braves compagnons chaque fois que j'ouvre la bouche pour rire de leurs mauvaises plaisanteries et ne trouvant rien de plus doux que la vie d'un vrai "German baron."

Times have changed, and we fancy that if Gersdorff's fastidious relative was now to make a tour of the country-houses of England he would have to put up with perhaps more pipe-smoking and sandwich-eating than in Germany. Even raw ham seems to be following in the steps of its cousin the Leberwurst and taking out papers of naturalization; at any rate the shops of its purveyors flourish more and

more exceedingly every year in the City of London.

One characteristic of the English of which Gersdorff does not approve is what he considers their somewhat unceremonious manner of treating Royalty. Apropos of this there is an amusing tale of Lord Wilton at Dresden on his mission to invest the King of Saxony with the Garter. As a boy at Munich he had made the acquaintance of the family of the Queen of Saxony, who had been a Bavarian princess; so, upon meeting her again, on his arrival at the Court, with an off-hand manner which horrified Gersdorff more than the Queen, he proceeded to interrogate her as to her various sisters. "Et Elise," he asked, "qu'est elle devenue?" "Elise est devenue reine de Prusse" was the answer.

The air in England of the 'thirties and early 'forties seems in reality to have been impregnated with somewhat of an anti-monarchical spirit. Perhaps George III.'s ill-starred attempts to assert his prerogative may still have been fresh in the public mind. But, however this may be, the tendency showed itself not only in the lack of enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of Royalty in public, but even in the manner in which Ministers treated the Crown. Victoria complained to Prince Ernest of Saxony that her private letters were opened by the Foreign Office before they left London. "La Royauté en Angleterre est un principe et non pas une réalité," said a foreign critic when the Dutch Ambassador was refused leave by Palmerston to present to the Queen his Sovereign's letter of congratulation on the birth of the Princess Royal personally. "Well, well, it will last my time at any rate" was Melbourne's comment on the cold reception of the Royal toast at a City dinner. Melbourne himself certainly cannot be said to have stood upon any ceremony with the young Queen. He

dined regularly at the Palace and as regularly fell asleep at table: sometimes too, alas! on a sofa in the drawing-room after dinner. On the occasion of a command appearance at Windsor of Rachel, the great French actress, he filled in a dramatic pause in one of her most tragic recitations with a snore so loud and raucous that the whole audience melted into laughter instead of tears. On another occasion, on the terrace at Windsor, upon the Queen expressing admiration for some children, Melbourne, who was walking beside her, horrified the ladies in waiting by answering "Yes, but what does your Majesty think about the nurse-maid?"

Queen Victoria, however, far from being annoyed by these free-and-easy manners, seems to have been intensely amused by them. There is a delightful description of a little scene which followed the Princess Royal's christening. The Royal family were for the most part grouped in chairs round a large fire. Queen Adelaide, seeing that the Duchess of Gloucester found the heat trying, made room for her on a sofa a little farther away from the fireplace. Melbourne, hardly giving the unfortunate Duchess time to get clear of the chair she was vacating, sank down into it with such a sonorous sigh of relief that Queen Victoria burst into uncontrollable laughter.

But if crowned heads were treated cavalierly in England, things apparently were even worse in Belgium. When Frederick William IV. of Prussia was posting to England to stand sponsor for the new-born Prince of Wales, he found that a shower of rain had put to flight the entire Belgian guard of honor, which had fled pell-mell into various houses without so much as posting a sentry to warn them of the Royal arrival. At Ostend a Prussian equerry was much displeased with the attitude of the crowd who watched the

King's embarkation; hardly raising their hats, they stood there puffing at their pipes in stolid apathy. The equerry addressed a sharp complaint to the officer commanding the Belgian guard of honor on the quay. "Que voulez-vous, Monsieur, que j'y fasse?" was the answer. "Le peuple a l'habitude de fumer, d'ailleurs un roi est un homme comme un autre." Gersdorff's sympathies are all with the equerry, but to the anarchistic spirit of to-day the officer's reply seems to have contained elements of reason.

Frederick William IV. is another monarch who gives us the impression that despite Shakespearean and other quotations, the expression "as happy as a king" is not such a paradox as it sounds. We hear of him on one occasion out of sheer high spirits taking a flying leap from the top of a coach on to a haystack.

We get a characteristic glimpse of Palmerston, of whom, for a variety of reasons, our memorist did not approve. One Sunday morning when they were both staying at Windsor they were placed in the chapel side by side in seats so far, alas! from the preacher that not a word of the sermon could reach them. Palmerston occupied himself for a long time by turning over the pages of the Prayer Book with raised eyebrows and an amused smile. Finally, holding the book out to Gersdorff open at the Creed, he said "Well, that's what we have to believe!"

Of Peel, with whom he stayed on several occasions at Drayton, Gersdorff had the highest opinion. An amusing incident which he records in connection with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia's visit to Drayton in 1843 is worth mentioning by the way. As he was departing there suddenly appeared on the dicky of one of his carriages two little Cossacks whom no member of the Drayton household re-

membered to have seen before. It appeared that, arriving in the dark with the rest of the suite, they had escaped notice, and had lain under their master's bed for the whole period of his visit, supporting life upon food brought to them by their Russian fellow-servants.

The antipathy for Peel and everything connected with him displayed by Victoria during the early years of her reign must have been remarkable. One evening at a Court ball soon after his return from a visit to Drayton, Gersdorff was enjoying the honor of a dance with her Majesty, when he was suddenly disconcerted by her point-blank question, "Comment trouvez-vous Miss Peel?" Utterly at a loss what to say, he murmured "Qu'elle était loin d'être si bien que sa mère." "Je ne la trouve pas bien du tout," was the rejoinder.

Gersdorff was a keen sportsman, and on his arrival in England lost no time in taking up fox-hunting. His first appearance was with the old Surrey—we envy him, for the date makes it almost certain that Mr. Jorrocks was out, his enjoyment as yet undimmed by ambitious thoughts of mastership. He also hunted in Warwickshire, and with the Royal Staghounds, with which on one occasion he took a bad fall; and when in William IV.'s days his Court duties called him to Brighton, he spent as much time as he could in hunting on the Downs. Partridges he shot all over England, and grouse in several places in Scotland. It was in returning from a shooting-visit to the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig with an ankle sprained on the moors that he stayed with the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick. There the amusements were very different, and the entire house-party each afternoon drove about in a string of carriages, each with four horses, two postillions, two outriders, and two footmen on the

dickey with pistols and powder-flasks.

Partridges Gersdorff once shot with the Duke of Cambridge, at Kew, or rather he tramped after them, for even in those days birds appear to have been scarce in the neighborhood of the Botanical Gardens; but as a recompence he slept in a room next to the Duke, from which he could plainly hear the latter's somewhat stentorian devotions. The Duke of Cambridge seems to have been by no means devoid of humor; for on one occasion, being urged to visit the Saxon Court, he replied that he would not be received there, as his descent from Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse¹ prevented him from showing the requisite number of quarterings. Apropos of this Gersdorff gives an interesting family-tree illustrating the ups and downs of the descendants of the smaller German princely families, and showing that Queen Victoria had a fifth cousin whose husband and father alike were middle-class Lutheran pastors without the remotest claim to noble blood.

Of English politics and the spirit which pervaded them Gersdorff himself seems to have had a complete comprehension, but the same thing cannot be said of all the foreigners who visited England at this period. "Où la fierté Anglaise va-t-elle se nicher dans ces moments?" exclaimed a puzzled French lady at an election meeting near Covent Garden on seeing one of the candidates patiently and contentedly wiping from his face the traces of a rotten egg which had just hit him. When staying with the Duke of Northumberland at Syon House, Gersdorff witnessed a Brentford elec-

¹ Elanore d'Olbreuse (1666-1726), the mistress and subsequently the wife of George William, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg-Celle, was the mother of Sophia Dorothea, George I.'s unfortunate queen and the grandmother of another Sophia Dorothea who married Frederick William I. of Prussia. Thus both the English and Prussian royal houses are descended, not very remotely, from a Huguenot lady of comparatively obscure family.

tion where the Conservative candidate's eloquence was much harassed by the skilfully controlled movements of an enormous dummy. The figure, got up to represent the Duke of Cumberland, with an orange stuck on to its blue coat to represent the star of the Garter, punctuated all the orator's periods with sententious nods which sent even his own adherents into shouts of laughter.

The propinquity of Brentford to Syon House made it customary for the birth of a ducal baby to be celebrated by peals of the parish bells of the town. One day when the Duke of Northumberland was in London he was summoned out of the room to speak to a messenger who had just ridden up post-haste from Syon House. The message was from the keeper of the Duke's menagerie, who wished to know whether the parish bells were to be rung. A fine young monkey had just seen the light.

The keynote of Gersdorff's description of Victoria's coronation is the magnificence of the display given by the representatives of the more important foreign Courts as opposed to the English Royal household, which did not run to a single new livery for the occasion. The Russian Ambassador Extraordinary hired two adjacent houses in Carlton House Terrace and knocked down the partition wall in order to provide an adequate ball-room and banqueting-hall for a magnificent entertainment, at which, we are told, the bill for fruit alone amounted to 450*l.* The Austrian Ambassador Extraordinary had the great Johann Strauss and his famous band transported to London from Vienna for his ball; and the richness of the foreign equipages and the quality of the horses that drew them formed the favorite daily spectacle in the streets. On the actual coronation day there was no banquet forthcoming for the envoys,

and after such lavish contributions to the splendor of the occasion they were a little piqued when, on driving up to Buckingham Palace on their return from the Abbey, they were unceremoniously greeted by an equerry sitting on horseback in the middle of the courtyard and bawling forth "Now you may all go home!"

Curious and heterogeneous were the diplomatist's duties in those times. Gersdorff was one day commissioned to see to the safe transport from England to Germany of the remains of Weber the composer. A long and laborious search had to be made in a dimly lit mortuary before the right coffin could be found, and countless other difficulties had to be met before it could be safely shipped out of England. To crown everything, Gersdorff had been told that the sailors would refuse to serve in a ship which they knew to be carrying a corpse. So poor Weber was finally smuggled on board in a packing-case, disguised appropriately but not decorously as a piano, as which instrument he also figured in the bill of lading.

Another diplomatic duty was the performance for Royalty of those services which are now rendered to persons of less exalted rank by Messrs. Cook or Lunn. In 1837 Gersdorff was instructed to organize an English tour for Princess Augusta of Saxony. This princess's experience of the world had been hitherto confined to a somewhat narrow area. During her father's lifetime she had never been granted her oft-repeated request to be allowed to walk on foot over the bridge at Dresden. Accustomed, therefore, to roll easily through the less crowded and more deferential streets of that town, which she had practically never left, it is not wonderful that on her arrival in London she thought that some fearful accident must have happened when her carriage was stopped

for a few minutes by the traffic.

The Princess apparently never slept upon a bedstead, but upon numerous mattresses and feather beds spread upon the floor; and these, piled up and strapped down upon one of her rather clumsy travelling carriages, she took with her everywhere, even to Windsor Castle, where she repaired after a fortnight's stay at a hotel in Brook Street.

From Windsor she went to Bushey Park, and from there the tour proper began. Gersdorff's task was not an easy one. The Princess's impediments were large and numerous, and she had many special requirements difficult to obtain at that time at English country inns. Exclusive of servants, the party consisted of the Princess, a Polish lady-in-waiting, the Grand Maréchal of the Court of Dresden, and Gersdorff. The difficulty of explaining everywhere to the landladies that these four people did not constitute two married couples, and that they required four separate bedrooms, seems to have been enormous.

At Bath, which they left on Sunday, they were hooted in the streets by the Sabbatarian inhabitants. Going on to Portsmouth they crossed to the Isle of Wight, and for the first time in her life the Princess was parted from her precious bedding, as the carriages could not be got on board the steamer. After visiting Carisbrooke Castle, it was found that the flies which had brought them had driven round to another road, by which they were to return and which they were expected to reach by a footpath crossing three fields and three stiles. At the first of these obstacles the Princess, who had never met such a thing in her life, before, was nonplussed. Gersdorff's valiant endeavor to assist her over did not meet with the success it merited. I think it safer to allow him to describe the scene which followed himself:

Her female attendants surrounded

her on both sides of the stile, shouting "Jesus Maria!" and covering the deranged dress of their mistress with their arms. The difficulty in liberating H.R.H. was not small. It could only be overcome by putting one of the big footmen on his knees and hands on the ground, thus to form a step. H.R.H. at first objected to put her foot on a human creature, but the poor man evidently had no objection, for with his face towards the ground he was shaking with laughter.

No further conclusions were tried with stiles, for Gersdorff wisely defied the laws of trespass by punching a substantial hole in the next two hedges.

The last episode of the tour before the return to London was a visit to the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle, which they reached after dusk, having for the last part of the way frightened the inhabitants of the roadside villages by their illumination of long flaring torches held by the footmen on the boxes in the princely German fashion. One fact about Wellington recorded by Gersdorff is worth repeating. He had allotted to him the identical insignia of the Golden Fleece which Charles V. had worn. It would be interesting to know what has now become of this trinket. It is no doubt no business of mine, but if I were the King of Spain I should stick to it myself.

Later, Gersdorff had to stage-manage a much more elaborate tour—that of the King of Saxony, who arrived at Portsmouth in May 1844. He found that town gay with a profusion of red and white flags, unlike anything which Gersdorff had ever seen before. On inquiry they turned out to be the Saxon colors, as designed by the Mayor from information taken out of an "Almanach de Gotha," dating from the period when the Saxon and Polish crowns were one.²

² This period ended in 1763.

The King's energy knew no bounds. 'Probably no one has ever done the sights of London more conscientiously or in a shorter time, and he dragged poor Gersdorff up to the top of St. Paul's with him at 4 A. M., so as to get a smokeless view of London. The tour itself ranged practically from Land's End to John o' Groats. The King's original scheme for its daily routine was to start at 6 A. M. and drive continuously till dusk, and it was difficult to make him realize that the English country inn is incapable of having breakfast ready for a large Royal suite at 5 A. M., and that equerries find it difficult to keep up their spirits on one piece of chocolate during twelve hours' jolting on rough country roads. However, he soon resigned himself to a somewhat later start, and worked off his superfluous energy by two hours' botanizing every morning before the journey began, and by walking on alone whenever a halt was made to change horses, a proceeding which caused considerable anxiety to his suite, as he not infrequently missed his way. The tour over, he embarked for Hamburg on H.M.S. *Firefly* (unfortunately on the Sabbath Day, which provoked the thunders of the Edinburgh Press).

The King of Saxony's visit to London clashed with the sudden and unexpected arrival of the Czar. England being full of Polish political refugees, the latter gave considerable anxiety to the authorities. He was attended by a brilliant suite, one of whom, Count Orloff, a noted military dandy, on being offered lunch at Buckingham Palace, replied "Comment voulez-vous que je mange, lorsque je suis en uniforme?" Knowing the high stocks and tight waists of the uniforms of the period, the reader will sympathize with him, but it is a little difficult to see how the Czar's suite kept body and soul together, for they seem to have

come to England with but little clothing that was not military. To this was due a remarkable sartorial feat. Finding that they could not dine at Windsor in the panoply of war, they called to their aid Mr. Jackson, the tailor to the Russian Embassy, who succeeded in turning out eleven complete outfits for the occasion in less than thirty hours. This same Mr. Jackson was offered 50*l.* by a Count Ostrowski, a Polish exile, to let the latter accompany him disguised as an apprentice when he went to Clarence House to fit on a coat which the Czar had ordered.

The element of "schoolboy humor" is generally richly present in Court memoirs, and these are no exception to the rule. We hear of a levée where King William, in knighting a judge, tapped him on the wig instead of the shoulder, and raised such a cloud of powder as obscured the scene for five minutes, and where a young officer of Horse Guards caught his spur in the carpet, stumbled forward and precipitated a maid of honor into the (fortunately empty) fireplace. To the same category belongs the story of a newly appointed ambassador in Madrid who, on going to Court, placed his credentials in his hat. As he bared his head to enter the palace, a gust of wind caught the papers and whirled them into a little heap of that substance which, till the horse-drawn carriage entirely disappears, must always find its way into the courtyards of palaces and farms alike. Just as he was entering the Royal presence resolved to substitute excuses for papers, the unfortunate ambassador had the credentials handed to him at the end of a stick, all soiled as they were, by an officious attendant.

We get an amusing little sketch of Louis Philippe on his visit to England in 1844 to be invested with the Garter. His frugal soul had been scared by some mention of the silk breeches and

stockings that would be necessary for the ceremony. "Avons-nous de cela?" he asked his old valet in an anxious aside. "Oui, sire," was the answer, "la culotte que Votre Majesté a portée lors de son mariage à Palerme."²

Gersdorff gives us a vivid account of the scene on Constitution Hill when a boy called Oxford fired two shots at the Queen as she was driving past. At the first shot Prince Albert stood up in the carriage and placed his body between the Queen and her assailant. Oxford fired leaning against the railings opposite the wall of Buckingham Palace gardens, and a courageous woman immediately seized him from behind by the coat-tails and held him fast to the railings. Eventually a policeman went to her assistance; not, however, till he had first performed the more urgent duty of saluting the Queen, without letting any undue haste interfere with the grace or precision of the movement. Next morning Gersdorff arose early with the idea of searching for the bullets, which he supposed must have embedded themselves in the Palace garden wall. To his disappointment, however, he found that others had been there before him, and that the wall was already pitted with holes where it had been probed

The Cornhill Magazine.

by the stick-ferules of the curious. As he turned away he met Prince Albert coming out of the Palace and bent on the very same fruitless errand.

At the commencement of Gersdorff's mission in London his last instructions had been to be careful not to take rooms over a green-grocer's shop, as the King of the Belgians, when Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, had been ill-advised enough to do. The warning was symbolical. He was in fact expected to keep up a position of dignity in society where there was a high standard of wealth and luxury. To do so can have been by no means easy. He was no Croesus, and his salary was so small that in the interests of his country's dignity he jealously guarded the secret of its amount. That he succeeded in winning the gratitude of his Government and the respect and affection of London society with the means at his disposal is evidence of *savoir-faire*, good management, and social qualities of a high degree. Modesty, good-nature, and conscientiousness are plainly written between every line of his memoirs. In laying aside the MS. the reader feels that he has really learnt to know its author, and that it will be some time before he again makes such a pleasant acquaintance.

A. F. Schuster.

THE HOUSE OF THE ZAMARRAS.

I.

One evening in early spring, the foreign lady saw a wedding party come bustling into Segovia from the direction of the cemetery hill. A number of veiled and black-robed women escorted a merry-faced girl, also in black but decked with orange-flowers. Round them capered certainly *all* the children in Segovia.

The bridegroom, a grave personage,

² In 1869.

none too young, was waiting in the Church-porch with a company of male supporters. The moment the women arrived someone ran to the Sacristy for the priest. He came out in his canonicals attended by the sacristan and a choir-boy, beckoned to the couple with a motion of his chin, and, standing in the aisle, the man and woman at his feet, the whole crowd pressing uncomfortably close, he read the service with the utmost possible speed.

Clearly it is not etiquette in Segovia to take the service seriously. The bride was on the titter the whole time. Even the bridegroom smiled when, presumably at some such inquiry as "Who giveth this woman?" the crowd, including the myriad children, uttered a great shout of concurrence in the proceedings.

At last the priest clapped-to his book, pushed his way through the crowd, and disappeared. Then began a great kissing-match, the bride being handed about from one to the other of her relatives, and receiving great smacks which had the effect of quickly reducing her to tears.

"Ah! *abuelo!*"¹ she cried, joyous though weeping, as she flew to the arms of an old beggar, who, leaning on a stick, was further supported by four of the officious children.

"That's the father of her long-dead mother," whispered a bystander to the Englishwoman; "he has come from Avila to see the *chiquita*² married. Some day she will take him to her care. She's a girl born for the support of the aged. Till she was twelve she led her other grandfather about and begged for him. He left her all his money. When he died she nursed her grandmother till she also became dead a year ago. Her father is now elderly, and she has been tending him. She is the youngest of all his children, nine years less than that fat woman there who is her next sister. Facundo the bridegroom is more than double the *chiquita's* age; but he seems young to her because he does not trip over the stones, and can hear what she says, and eat whatever is set before him. I myself should have hesitated to give her to Facundo; but her father was flattered when the man asked her in marriage, for he is of the Zamarras of

Zamarramala, and lives in the ancient house of the Zamarras."

By this time the party was leaving the church, the bride still with her sisters and aunts, the bridegroom with his male friends. They all adjourned to a café for light feasting, singing, and dancing. Quite late the bridegroom's servant brought a mule, upon which Facundo mounted his bride and they went away together.

"*Manolita de mi alma!*" murmured the bridegroom, his voice shaking with emotion.

II.

Facundo came of a long line of rich sheep-farmers at Zamarramala, that straggling village which from the Alcázar of Segovia can be seen rising behind the little Templar Church of the True Cross.

In Segovia the wool industry lingered long, for the weavers would not permit the introduction of machinery. Even now a few hand-looms survive in bye-streets behind the church of San Lorenzo. But alas! trade belonged to the machines, and one day Segovia woke up to find her prosperity gone. She was making homespun for her own folk; outsiders had begun to buy shoddy elsewhere. It was cheap, and presently they declared that they liked it.

The ruin of the weavers brought with it the ruin of the sheep-farmers. Marcelo, Facundo's grandfather, was the last of the Zamarras who was rich. His flocks—thoroughbred, splendid animals—ranged far on the mountain-side, his service was coveted by all the herdsmen and shearers and washers in the district, men who considered their calling second in importance only to that of the Lord Bishop of Segovia himself. But Tirso, old Marcelo's son, was soon confronted by the fact that there was no longer sale for his wool, and ruin had set in. The flocks dwindle

¹ "Abuelo," grandfather.

² "Chiquita," the little one.

died, the sheep deteriorated, being sold chiefly to the butcher who cared nothing for breed. Tirso was "*Capataz*" himself to save wages; and nowadays one *Capataz* sufficed where Marcelo had required six. There was difficulty in finding men to be under-shepherds; all the village lads wanted to go to Madrid or to Barcelona, or even to Cuba; they turned up their noses at the wages which Tirso found it increasingly difficult to pay. He worked himself, and he brought up his son to work; but day by day he grew poorer, and the house of the Zamarras was shorn of its splendors, robbed of its mirth. One day, having a touch of fever, Tirso fell asleep over his shepherding and dreamed a horrible dream. He saw the Angels of God come down in the likeness of the Civil Guards, bearing in their hands fiery swords with which they drove him from his paradise—the paradise of his ancestral house and that wild mountain pasture where grazed the last sad remnant of his flock. *Cristo Dios!* the fiery swords slashed and slashed, first rending the sheep, then the house of the Zamarras, till not a stone was left upon another, and the Zamarras of Zamarramala were homeless and begging their bread.

Tirso died of that fever, for it seemed that the will to live had left him. Before sinking into unconsciousness he called his children, Mariana and Facundo—the latter twenty-seven, a mere shepherd, but tall, with clear-cut handsome face, and the courtly air which pertains somehow to long lineage—and he told them his dream.

"It must be I have sinned," groaned the dying man. "I charge you, Facundo, as you are a good son and a child of God, that you make atonement and restore the good days of your grandfather, and your great-

grandfather, and those who were before them, all good men, old Christians of the clean blood, and rich, and in favor with God. If the end comes in your day and the house of the Zamarras becomes a ruin, then I shall not lie in my grave. I shall become a haunting spirit to curse you, and your wife, and your sons, and your sons' sons."

Facundo's blood ran cold; for in Zamarramala the dying are believed to have the spirit of prophecy; and it is believed also that to become the victim of a curse is the most appalling doom a man can have.

"For the sake of the Lord Christ, tell me what I am to do!" cried the son.

"You must get some money; that is all," said the dying man.

"*Hombre!*" you speak as if it were an easy thing to get money!" sighed Facundo.

"You and Mariana likewise must marry spouses who are rich," said Tirso.

He died; and the son and daughter did their best to obey him. Mariana found a husband in the apparently thriving grocer who did all the shop-keeping of Zamarramala. Facundo, not without reluctance, wedded Trinidad, the only child of old Chisco, the wheat-grower of Armuña la Grande. Neither marriage was a success. The grocer died, leaving Mariana many debts and eight children; Trinidad, who was older than Facundo, had no baby at all, and she turned into a grumbling invalid, requiring servants to wait upon her, and always reminding her husband that it was she who had brought money into the establishment. Nor was her money sufficient to save the fall of the house of the Zamarras. It had done no more than stave off the evil day. A few years and ruin was again in sight. Facundo lay awake at night thinking he saw

³ "Capataz," head shepherd.

* "*Hombre*," man; a common exclamation.

his father's angry ghost already entering to torment him.

One day Facundo, finding his mare had cast a shoe, dismounted at the forge near the Segovia cemetery to have her shod. She was a strong, fleet-footed little piebald, Facundo's pride and joy; beside her ran the piebald filly which was her mother over again. Trinidad had bidden her husband sell the mare and the foal to her brother Paco, a coarse brute who worked his animals to death. The suggestion had made Facundo first angry, then unutterably sad. Oh, yes! everything he valued would have to be sold; what he could not sell was the unloved wife, who might live for another forty years—he and "that woman" another forty years, tied together for life through the eternal winter of their discontent!

"Ay! the pretty creatures!" cried a voice out of the blackness of the forge; and the blacksmith's daughter came forward with a carrot for the foal.

The blacksmith's daughter was seventeen, and her name was Manola. How was it possible that grim, grimy, tottering old man could have a girl-daughter like that? Facundo and she exchanged a few words, to which the blooming girl paid no attention whatsoever, but which the man treasured in his heart. Then she tripped off to the fountain, one great jar on her left hip, another in her right hand, merrily singing gloomy words:

"Negra la muerte me asusta
Negra la noche me espanta
Negros son tus ojos;
Negra la mala fortuna
Negra la noche sin luna
Negro se la aborrecer;
Pero mas negro querer
Sin esperanza ninguna."

"Black the death I fear
Black the night I dread
Black the midnight of thine eyes;
Black is Fate when near;

Black are the moonless skies above
And black its enmity;
But blacker far it is to love
For ever hopelessly."

"*Sin esperanza ninguna.*" The words rang through Facundo's ears as he stood on the threshold of the forge, his back to the door, watching the path of Manola's disappearance.

It was nearing sundown, the hour which brings magic, and especially to Segovia. Now the snow-clad mountains shone creamy against the warm blue of the unstained sky, the few faint cloudlets floating near their summits rose-flushed and vaporous. Now the plain stretching to the mountain foot, which in the morning had been just green and blue like a Velasquez background, was spread with purple and touched with silver and with gold. From it rose, like a ship rising from the sea (the Alcázar her prow), the golden city—for Segovia is built of gold-colored sandstone—reared high, piled up from her prehistoric enclosing wall, tier upon tier; crowned with the Cathedral, also in tier upon tier, with pinnacles and balustrades and dome and lofty tower. Traversing the city from east to west, not golden like the rest, but gray and very strong and very stern, was the long row of tall arches, the *Puente*,⁵—called "of the Devil" for the wonder of it—the granite, unmortared, unfaltering Roman Aqueduct, which takes Segovia back, as few Spanish towns go visibly back, to a time before the Inquisition and before the Moors and before the Goths, when Spain belonged to the great world and herself gave Emperors to Rome.

All this Facundo saw unconsciously as he stood gazing after Manola and repeating the words of her song, "*Sin esperanza ninguna*," great waves of remorse for his mercenary marriage surging through his heart.

⁵ "Puente," bridge.

The recording angel must have noted his remorse; heaven must have forgiven him. Within a week the grumbling, unkind, unloved wife was dead; six months later Facundo was wedded to Manola.

III.

He brought her home to the old house at Zamarramala, the house with the high tiled roof, the open top-storey, the heavily timbered, round-arched doors and windows, the little arcaded court with its carved and overhanging balconies. There was a decayed splendor about the house of the Zamarras quite new to Manola, and she held her husband's hand nervously as she explored the vast empty rooms, and noted the cracks in wall or ceiling, the broken doors, and crumbling wood-work.

Manola was a good, contented little soul, who lived in the present and took people as she found them, giving in to all their fancies. She understood that the house was Facundo's idol; not for worlds would she have disparaged it. So she tripped about making the old walls merry with her songs; and she scrubbed and swapt till she had it all quite clean; and she put flower-pots and cages of goldfinches and of partridges on the balconies, and pictures of saints in her bedroom, and copper pots shining like suns in the kitchen, and pottery jugs and dishes of all rich tones of greens and browns and reds. And she found in the flock a motherless lamb and brought it home and made a pet of it, tying it by a long blue cord to one of the columns in the court, and saying that it reminded her of the little Saint John. At the end of a year the lamb had grown up, and become ugly and stupid. It was sent to its place in the flock, and Manola had another and a better pet—a new little Zamarra with a round, red face, and great fat legs, and a voice—oh! such a voice! It filled the whole big

house, and echoed on the broken stair, drowning the song of the goldfinches.

The voice of his son was music to Facundo. It seemed to him the voice of all his ancestors, the voice of the house of the Zamarras.

The house had grown dearer to him than ever before, for now it had become a paradise of happiness and of love.

Yet day by day grim Poverty was drawing nearer with stealthy strides, and Facundo knew that the day must come when the flock, and the house of the Zamarras, and his own independence, must be given up and sold for the providing of mere daily bread.

IV.

The baby was three weeks old, and Manola, the strong, beautiful young mother, was back at her work. The child slept under the sunny window of the big kitchen, and the bees came in through the iron bars and made a pleasant humming among the rafters. Manola came and went, carrying water, carrying saucers, carrying great strings of onions, great baskets of *garbanzos*.⁶ She lighted her charcoal fire and fanned it for twenty minutes; she stood over it and cooked, making a tasty stew with beans, peas, garlic, fat bacon, lumps of liver, and other good things which Facundo loved. She fried potatoes in oil (very oily oil), cut up a salad and dosed it well with oil and seasoning of *pimientos* and garlic. Each time she crossed the kitchen she went to the window and looked at the baby; when he cried she heard him, though she were as far off as the fountain, and ran lest he should be kept waiting for his breakfast. At last she sat down on the doorstep, skinning quinces for the manufacture of *Carne de Membrillo*,⁷ and gloating over the child as he slept upon her knee.

⁶ "Garbanzos," chick-peas; the staple vegetable.

⁷ "Carne de Membrillo," quince cheese.

Not unhopefully Manola wondered whether she would have as many children as Mariana, her sister-in-law, who with her numerous progeny had lately been installed by Facundo on the top floor of the patriarchal house. Oh! Manola was very happy! She had a good husband (not really old), the finest baby in all the world, and within her bosom the merry heart which is a continual feast.

Presently Don Rafael, the doctor, who had known Facundo all his life, and Manola too, came to pay the new-made mother a visit. He dismounted ponderously, tied his mule to the ring beside the mounting-block, and said, "Ay! chiquilla, che tal?"⁸ with the importance of a man with news. Manola wished he had not come just at the moment when the wearied Facundo would be coming home for his dinner.

The doctor's news was soon told. This was it:

The *Condesa*⁹ of the big house in the Calle Juan Bravo of Segovia—she who lived chiefly in Madrid, and went to Court and knew the new young Queen—Manola remembered her? Well, well!—the Condesa's baby was a girl, two weeks older than this bull-fighter here (he tapped the infant's ruddy cheeks), but not such a fine child. The girl-baby had a nurse, as is the fashion with aristocratic babies; and oh, horrors! she was pining, pining horribly, hopelessly! The discovery had been made that the nurse—*Ay, Virgen!* that women should be so wicked!—that the nurse drank, wine, yes, *agua ardiente*¹⁰ even the very alcohol for burning which has so horrible an odor. The nurse had been sent away at a moment's notice; and the Condesa had telegraphed to her friend the Segovian doctor, bidding him send

⁸ "Ay! chiquilla, che tal?" "How are you little one?"

⁹ "Condesa," countess.

¹⁰ "Agua ardiente," brandy.

her by the earliest train some robust peasant woman, a new-made mother, who might ask what wages she chose, and should be furnished with wearing apparel of the most beautiful, and be fed with food from the table of the very Condesa herself.

"And so, Manolita, I have come for you," ended the doctor despotically.

The young mother started to her feet, clutching her baby.

"I won't go!" she said, furiously.

"Oh, yes, you will; it is your duty, *criatura*. And you will see Madrid, which is so splendid."

Manola had no imagination, and the words conveyed nothing to her.

"Facundo would not let me go!" she cried, still furious.

"Tell him, *mujer*,¹¹ that the money you will gain will save him from selling the house of the Zamarras."

Manola sat down, sobered; for Facundo's anxiety about his house and his means was the one shadow on their great happiness. The doctor pressed his advantage.

"You will gain a fortune, *chiquita*; a whole fortune, paid in notes of one hundred *pescetas* or in gold itself. Facundo has spoken with me of the selling of his house. He wept. Facundo wept, for the house of the Zamarras is very dear to him. I would not that your husband Facundo should go melancholy mad as did Tirso his father; and all for the lacking of a little gold."

"I will go," said Manola; "it is not right that Facundo should weep. But who will cook his dinner for him? And oh! *Maria la mi Madre!* who will bring up my baby?"

"Have you not a sister-in-law, a many childed woman, living by special providence of God under this very roof? And is not Segovia famed for its *leche de burra*?¹² The child is stout and

¹¹ "Mujer," woman.

¹² "Leche de burra," asses' milk.

healthy, and I will see that he is furnished with a feeding-bottle of the very latest pattern."

Manola burst into tears and hugged her infant closer to her breast, but she made no reply.

Facundo was late coming in. Manola stood over the charcoal fire frying an omelet and dropping tears into it. How was she going to tell him?

She was spared the task. Facundo had met the doctor, and the project had been explained to him. It had upset him so much that he had not felt able to come in sooner.

"You wish me to go, Facundo? To get the money so that you need not sell the sheep and the house?"

The *Fortnightly Review*.

(*To be continued.*)

"Don Rafael said," murmured poor dumb Facundo, "that it would please you to see Madrid."

"To get money," she repeated drearily, "for the sheep, and the house, and the feeding of your sister and her *prole*."¹³

"And for the feeding of my son," said Facundo, drawing her towards him and burying his lips in her abundant curls. "Ah! *Manolita de mi alma*, if my father's curse descend upon us, what hope is there for my son? But when you are in Madrid, *hijita*,¹⁴ love no man better than me, for it would be my ruin and the breaking of my heart."

Helen Hester Colvil.

A DICKENS PILGRIMAGE.

V.—IPSWICH AND BURY.

A Night at the White Horse.

Mr. Pickwick, it will be remembered, went first from Eatansville to Bury, where he was ensnared by Job Trotter into the girls' school: then hearing from Mr. Tony Weller, in London, that Jingle and Job had gone to Ipswich, he pursued them there, and finally exposed them after various adventures with Miss Witherfield, Mr. Nupkins, and Mr. Peter Magnus. We, or rather a single pilgrim—for another "bage creetur" deserted at the last moment—reversed the chronological order and went first to Ipswich, for no better reason than that the train stops there first.

The White Horse.

Dickens was something less than kind to the Great White Horse at Ipswich: the badly-lighted passages, the waiter with the fortnight's napkin under his arm, and the bottle of the worst possible port wine at the highest possi-

ble price ordered for the good of the house; if it ever deserved these reproaches, it deserves them no longer. But there is one respect in which he did it more than justice—namely, its size. One comes there expecting something so huge and towering as to dwarf Northumberland Avenue. That which one in fact finds is a good, large, square, plain, honest-looking house, which is really not much bigger than anything else. However, the "ram-pacious animal with flowing mane and tail distantly resembling an insane cart horse" still proudly paws the air over the front door—that is one comfort, and if the outside of the house is rather commonplace, the entrance hall is most reviving to the spirits. It was once a court-yard, but is now covered in with a glass roof. Ivy still grows on some of the walls however; the narrow archway still looks as if one was meant to drive underneath it at

¹³ "Prole," progeny, brood.

¹⁴ "Hijita," little daughter.

the imminent risk of decapitation; the Boots in his little room by the door, dashing out now and again to see whose bell is jangling overhead; the perennial stream of people wandering in and out with their hats on; the various bulging windows of bars and saloons and offices adorned with nice squat gold letters—all aid the pleasant delusion that one is sitting under the open sky in an inn court-yard.

There is a "Pickwick Room" to be seen, though whether it is Miss Withersfield's room or Mr. Pickwick's own room does not seem to be clear. At any rate, there is a room, which ought to be enough to satisfy anybody, with the two beds, one at each side of the room—not of the door, as described. They are nice old beds with green curtains and one can quite imagine Mr. Pickwick holding the curtains together with one hand so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and his nightcap and his spectacles. The walls are decorated with Pickwickian works of art, and also with what Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz called "a harmless, useful, and comforting article of domestic furniture," a warming-pan. The room is towards the top of the house and the passages that lead there are perhaps rather intricate and narrow; but when every allowance is made there was no valid excuse for Mr. Pickwick's judgment going "out a-wisitin'." Whenever Mr. Pickwick "began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground floor did another flight of steps appear before his astonished eyes"; and this is the most damning evidence of all, for there are really so very few flights. In fact, one is driven to the painful conclusion that the effect of brandy and water must be the same as that of Roussillon wine, and if any one does not know what that is, let him read his "Wrecker" again and at once.

The Search for Mr. Nupkins's.

The first thing to do on issuing from the Great White Horse is to walk with Mr. Weller towards St. Clement's Church in search of the house with the green gate, and here a sad disappointment awaits one. There is St. Clement's Church, a dignified church of flint set in a quiet and shady church-yard, and at the end of a narrow passage are some houses of undoubtedly eminently suited to Mr. Nupkins. True, they are not of red brick, but they are of pleasant old yellows and whites, half covered with creepers; they have overhanging upper storeys and here and there little strips of carved woodwork. Each has a garden in front of it and a gate that might just as well be green as any other color, and if there are no steps down which Mr. Muzzle could upset the departing Jingle, and if—a more serious difficulty—the houses are not at the end of a blind alley—well, you cannot have everything. The guilde-book shatters this dream, however, by stating that Mr. Nupkins's house, long since pulled down, was in a little street called Fairlight Street, on the north side of the church. Fairlight Street really knocks all the heart out of one; it is a blind alley, so that Job coming up the court when he met Sam coming down would have had no means of escape; but that is absolutely all there is to be said for it. It appears to have been given its name because it is so ugly and so dark; two horrid, plebeian little rows of modern red houses leading out of a street having the deplorably low and vulgar name of Waterworks-street. Mr. Nupkins would turn in his grave if he knew, and the ghost of Mr. Sidney Porkenham—"tall young man—old lover—rich—fine fellow—not so rich as captain though"—must stalk nightly through Fairlight Street laughing aloud a frightful laugh of revenge. If Fairlight Street be a disappoint-

ment, the getting there one way and getting back another, and the meandering through Ipswich in general is unexpectedly delightful. The very names of the streets are worth the money; not even Shrewsbury can produce better ones:—Back Hamlet, Tower Rampsarts, St. Margaret's Plain, Silent Street, Dial Lane, and the Butter Market. And they have such beautiful old houses in them too—not only the recognized professional beauties such as the "Ancient House" in the Butter Market or Wolsey's Gateway in College Street, but endless yellow houses with windows that bulge, and upper storeys that overhang, and lovely carving, and every now and then a date and initials. The Ancient House—once the home of the loyal and venerable family of the Sparrowes, who hid Charles II. after the battle of Worcester—bulges so excessively, that one feels quite apprehensive for it. There are all sorts of other pleasant things to see at Ipswich, but the Great White Horse has its dinner at 7 o'clock and the legs of the sightseer faint and droop for it and for an early bed afterwards. It must be confessed that, whatever one may say of Mr. Pickwick, one is overwhelmed on the way to bed with an awful fear lest history should repeat itself, and it is only after reading the number several times and turning the handle with infinite caution and opening the door inch by inch that one feels quite sure that no middle-aged lady in yellow curl papers lurks within.

Bury St. Edmunds.

Bury is also most engaging, but entirely different from Ipswich. The streets of Ipswich are narrow and busy, the streets of Bury wide, airy, and full of an agreeable indolence. On either side of the broad road as one walks up from the station are plain, prosperous, square houses that one peoples as one goes along. Here, with

the porch ablaze with geraniums, lives the lawyer, and a little further on in just such another house is the doctor, and neither of them either has or wants to have very much to do. Half hidden by trees is a charming, long, low yellow house with a little lawn and rose trees in front of it, sunning itself in a silence broken only by the sleepy purr of a mowing machine. This is a seminary for young ladies and if one had not been told that Eastgate House at Rochester was really the Westgate House of Bury, one would certainly have pitched, in spite of various palpable discrepancies, upon this beautiful, drowsy old house. No doubt the Rochester party are in the right, but I am sorry for it; they might have been satisfied with the Nuns' House and Miss Twinkleton's academy.

So far Bury has only shown itself, as is described in *Pickwick*, "a handsome little town of thriving and cleanly appearance," but as one turns from Northgate Street into Eastgate Street and so to Angel Hill, the full beauty of the place comes upon one as a delicious shock. There is a fine wide road set on a slope; on the upper side is the Angel, a big, solid house of no pretensions to beauty, a rather dingy house next door, where Louis Philippe once lived as a boy, and the Athenaeum, a literary institute and subscription library, which looks quite depressing enough to justify the Stygian gloom of its title. So far there is nothing of beauty except the big, open sweep of road; but on the other side come many wonderful things. There is the Abbey Gate and the Norman Tower, each quite splendid in its own way, and two fine churches—St. James's and St. Mary's—while between them and behind them and by a little poetic license all round them, is one big, silent, leafy churchyard. There is so much churchyard and so many churches and so many ruins of other churches that one

seems to wander for ever in a kind of gray, ecclesiastical twilight.

The Abbey.

The Abbey Gate leads first into a public garden bright with flowers, and then into a big green open space which makes for many children the most exquisite playground imaginable. Along one side is a tall, gray wall with old moss-grown red roofs peeping over it; along another side is the green, stagnant water of the Lark coming ever so slowly from under the three arches of the Abbey Bridge. Dotted here and there all over the big green field are little bits of the Abbey ruins; it is almost as if some one had sowed the seed of ruin broadcast and the crop had come up very unevenly. St. Mary's Church is quite beautiful with its tall, graceful pillars and the open timber roof of the nave covered with angels, knights, and prophets doing all sorts of entertaining things, lit up and gilded here and there by dusty

The Times.

rays of sunlight. Over the whole there broods, the very spirit of the place, the kindest and most friendly of old gentlemen. They had time and patience to build a roof then, he declares, whereas nowadays you may build a house one week, get into it the next, and have it blown down over your head the week after. Things are not what they were; there were once galleries all round, and high-backed pews, and a man used to go and shut the parson into his pulpit and the congregation used to repeat the Psalms. Now the choir do everything, and there's nothing to do but listen and put your hand in your pocket. Men used to be able to see by two candles in the pulpit, and now they can't see by electric light; but, Lord bless you, it's no good the old ones saying nothing about it, for the young ones think they knows everything. He was a very nice old gentleman. I wish I had asked him what he thought of Mr. Pickwick.

ON MISSING ONE'S TRAIN.

There are certain accidents in life which, although they cause annoyance at the time, are a means of procuring for us experiences outside our original programme which often turn out to be of advantage to us, and which have the value of all things that are bestowed on us unexpectedly and that seem like additions to our reasonable share of good fortune. Everyone can remember in his or her own experience some such apparent disaster, of a greater or less degree; it may have been an illness, or a disappointment, or a loss, about which we are able to say afterwards, "But for that accident I should never have known so-and-so, or done or possessed such-and-such a thing." The secret of what is called a philosophical mind lies in the conscious

realization of this fact; in the belief that life consists for most of us in an average of fortunate or unfortunate experience, and that the things which seem at first sight most fortunate are apt to turn into something very different, while apparent disaster is generally compensated by some corresponding or resultant advantage. The fact is a commonplace of copy-book moralities. It is the realizing it, and the belief that it will really work in our own lives, which is rare enough to make those who possess it seem to be endowed with an extra degree of wisdom and intelligence.

No one, not even the professed philosopher, really likes missing trains. To run after something which is not there is a futile proceeding; the late

arrival for a train is apt not only to look, but, what is worse, to feel both undignified and foolish; and as there has most certainly been a precedent condition of haste, neither the nerves nor the temper are likely in a normal person to be in the best condition for accepting misfortune gracefully or calmly. And that is why I would like to point out that the missing of a train, which we generally regard as undiluted, although perhaps slight, misfortune, need not as a rule be regarded as a misfortune at all. True one's plans are dislocated; and that is so annoying to some people that if they are going to pay a visit in the country and miss a train they are quite capable of abandoning the whole visit. But it is not such a bad thing to have one's plans dislocated, especially if they are only plans for pleasure. One is obliged to make new arrangements on the spur of the moment, which is always a good thing, awakening alike to the faculties of invention and resource. To the modern mind the chief trouble is that a space of time, probably one or two hours, lies unmapped and unplanned before us; and there are many to whom such an interval between two pre-arranged events in their time-table represents sheer vacancy and waste of life. My suggestion is that it should be regarded as pure gain. The train you missed left at three, and there isn't another till five; you will arrive at your destination in time for dinner instead of tea, and so escape the tiresome, dawdling couple of hours at the beginning of the visit. Here, however, at the other end, are two hours absolutely added to your day, given to you to use and enjoy entirely for your own private advantage. That, I submit, is, in such circumstances, the proper way to look upon the accident of missing a train.

You first duty is to telegraph to

your destination. Failing to arrive by the train one has mentioned is so commonly caused by the accidental missing of it that people should by this time have learned what to do when guests fail to turn up at the station; but in fact they hardly ever do. The trap goes to meet you at the other end; and when you fail to appear, instead of finding out when the next train is, and putting up near by and returning to meet it, the coachman generally returns to headquarters and reports your non-arrival. It is then just too late, or the horse is too tired, for the trap to be sent back to meet the second train, and you are thrown upon the resources of the local livery stable. It is a curious fact that the number of trains running to country places is so cunningly devised in proportion to the length of the journey and to the distance from the station of your friend's residence; that a telegram despatched immediately after the train's departure just fails to arrive in time to prevent a horse-drawn vehicle setting forth to meet you. Motor-cars, it is true, have considerably mitigated this aspect of the misadventure; but even motors have a way of starting unnecessarily early, either to collect parcels in the town or to take some departing person to another train. Anyhow, most railway time-tables were designed before the days of almost universal motor-cars, and the railway companies could not be expected to foresee their advent.

Nevertheless, you send the telegram and discharge your conscience. Having then disposed of your luggage and opened a credit account with the porter who performed prodigies of unavailing speed in trundling it to the closed gates, you set forth from the station, a really free man or woman for the next couple of hours. No one except a real enthusiast about railways would think of remaining in a station,

for that way lies depression, weariness, and probably indigestion. No, you go forth into the town and for once look about you. I can assure you that the environments even of Liverpool Street or Waterloo may provide you in such circumstances with entertainment at least as engaging as those of Brighton or Scarborough. Usually one only sees such neighborhoods when beginning or finishing a journey, and has no time to wander about and study them; yet there are all kinds of interesting and unaccustomed sights there, and you have within yourself the pleasant and unwonted sensation of being in a place not because you are passing through it, but for the simple reason that you choose to be there. There are, it is true, other methods of employing this holiday interval. If you are enterprising enough, and have a sure enough hold on the time-table, you may take a journey by a slow train along your line to some intermediate station at which the later train will also stop, and, alighting there, explore a new town and a new world. It is an adventurous thing to do, and may turn out well; you may make the discovery of your life in Chippendale or Jacobean oak. But you must be prepared also for its turning out unfortunately. The railway stations of some provincial towns have a way of being very remote from what is really the centre of the town—the church or the high-street, or the river, or whatever it is you want to see. A long and depressing road leads from the railway station into an apparent labyrinth of sordid and equally depressing streets. You have an instinctive fear of cutting yourself off by too great a distance from the station itself. Mistrust of the time-table seizes you; for while the missing of one train may be turned to advantage, to miss two in succession indicates a certain unfitness for prolonged sojourn in this vale of tears.

The Saturday Review.

Also it may come on to drizzle, and it may be early closing day in the way-side town, and in that case the necessity of spending an hour without an umbrella in a wet and unknown country town where all the shops are closed puts you in a worse case than if you had remained under the steamy and resounding vault of the original railway-station.

There are many ways, of course, in which the philosophy outlined in this article may be applied. If there is a stage on a journey which you have wished but failed to reach, you derive advantage from better quarters for the night and an early start in the morning. If there is a horse or a picture which you had set your heart on possessing but which another has secured before you, well, you may regard yourself as being so many pounds in pocket, as having a sum to spend or give away which you would not otherwise have possessed. If there is an appointment which you hoped and failed to get you may console yourself by reflecting that those who had the appointment were obviously not intelligent people, and would not have been satisfactory to work with. And if there is a woman you had set your heart on marrying, and she either could not or would not—well, perhaps your moment was ill-timed and you missed the departure of that particular train for happiness. In that case also I would recommend not hanging about the station. Take a walk and see the sights, and come back again in good time; perhaps she will have changed her mind and you may catch the train at last. In the final resort it is worth remembering that there are other trains, other stations, and other destinations; although this is a somewhat desperate remedy, and is not to be regarded as bearing on the proper and philosophical method of missing trains.

Filson Young.

A TRUNK CALL.

Last Wednesday, being the anniversary of the Wednesday before, Celia gave me a present of a door-knocker. The knocker was in the shape of an elephant's head (not life-size), and by bumping the animal's trunk against his chin you could produce a small brass noise.

"It's for the library," she explained eagerly. "You're going to work there this morning, aren't you?"

"Yes, I shall be very busy," I said in my busy voice.

"Well, just put it up before you start, and then if I *have* to interrupt you for anything important, I can knock with it. *Do* say you love it."

"It's a dear, and so are you. Come along, let's put it up."

I got a small screwdriver, and with very little loss of blood managed to screw it into the door. Some people are born screwists, some are not. I am one of the nots.

"It's rather sideways," said Celia doubtfully.

"Osso erry," I said.

"What?"

I took my knuckle from my mouth.

"Not so very," I repeated.

"I wish it had been straight."

"So do I; but it's too late now. You have to leave these things very largely to the screwdriver. Besides elephants often do have their heads sideways; I've noticed it at the Zoo."

"Well, never mind. I think it's very clever of you to do it at all. Now then, you go in, and I'll knock and see if you hear."

I went in and shut the door, Celia remaining outside. After five seconds, having heard nothing, but not wishing to disappoint her, I said, "Come in," in the voice of one who has been suddenly disturbed by a loud "Rat-tat."

"I haven't knocked yet," said

Celia from the other side of the door.

"Why not?"

"I was admiring him. He *is* jolly. Do come and look at him again."

I went out and looked at him again. He really gave an air to the library door.

"His face is rather dirty," said Celia. "I think he wants some brass polish and a—and a bun."

She ran off to the kitchen. I remained behind with Jumbo and had a little practice. The knock was not altogether convincing, owing to the fact that his chin was too receding for his trunk to get at it properly. I could hear it quite easily on my own side of the door, but I felt rather doubtful whether the sound would penetrate into the room. The natural noise of the elephant—roar, bark, whistle or whatever it is—I have never heard, but I am told it is very terrible to denizens of the jungle. Jumbo's cry would not have alarmed an ant.

Celia came back with flannels and things and washed Jumbo's face.

"There!" she said. "Now his mother would love him again." Very confidently she propelled his trunk against his chin and added, "Come in."

"You can hear it quite plainly," I said quickly.

"It doesn't *re*—rever—reverberate—is that the word?" said Celia, "but it's quite a distinctive noise. I'm sure you'd hear it."

"I'm sure I should. Let's try."

"Not now. I'll try later on, when you aren't expecting it. Besides, you must begin your work. Good-bye. Work hard." She pushed me in and shut the door.

I began to work.

I work best on the sofa; I think most clearly in what appears to the hasty observer to be an attitude of

rest. But I am not sure that Celia really understands this yet. Accordingly, when a knock comes at the door I jump to my feet, ruffle my hair, and stride up and down the room with one hand on my brow. "Come in," I call impatiently, and Celia finds me absolutely in the throes. If there should chance to be a second knock later on, I make a sprint for the writing desk, seize pen and paper, upset the ink or not as it happens, and present to anyone coming in at the door the most thoroughly engrossed back in London.

But that was in the good old days of knuckle-knocking. On this particular morning I had hardly written more than a couple of thousand words—I mean I had hardly got the cushions at the back of my head comfortably settled when Celia came in.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

I struggled out of the sofa.

"What is it?" I asked sternly.

"Did you hear it all right?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"Oh!" she said in great disappointment. "But perhaps you were asleep," she went on hopefully.

"Certainly not. I was working."

"Did I interrupt you?"

"You did rather; but it doesn't matter."

"Oh, well, I won't do it again—unless I really have to. Good-bye, and good luck."

She went out and I returned to my sofa. After an hour or so my mind began to get to work, and I got up and walked slowly up and down the room. The gentle exercise seemed to stimulate me. Seeing my new putter in the corner of the room, I took it up (my brain full of other things) and, dropping a golf ball on the carpet, began to practise. After five or ten minutes, my ideas being now quite clear, I was just about to substitute the pen for the putter when Celia came in.

Punch.

"Oh!" she said. "Are—are you busy?"

I turned round from a difficult putt with the club in my hand.

"Very," I said. "What is it?"

"I don't want to disturb you if you're working—"

"I am."

"But I just wondered if you—if you liked artichokes."

I looked at her coldly.

"I will fill in your confession book another time," I said stiffly, and I sat down with dignity at my desk and dipped the putter in the ink.

"It's for dinner to-night," said Celia persuasively. "Do say. Because I don't want to eat them all by myself."

I saw that I should have to humor her.

"If it's a Jerusalem artichoke you mean, yes," I said; "the other sort, no. J. Arthur Choke I love."

"Right-o. Sorry for interrupting." And then as she went to the door, "You *did* hear Jumbo this time, didn't you?"

"I believe that's the only reason you came in for."

"Well, one of them."

"Are you coming in again?"

"Don't know," she smiled. "Depends if I can think of an excuse."

"Right," I said. "In that case—"

There was nothing else for it; I took up my pen and began to work.

But I have a suggestion to make to Celia. At present, although Jumbo is really mine, *she* is having all the fun with him. And as long as Jumbo is on the outside of the door there can never rise an occasion when I should want to use him. My idea is that I should unscrew Jumbo and put him on the *inside* of the door, so that I can knock when I come out.

And when Celia wants to come in she will warn me in the old-fashioned way with her knuckles . . . and I shall have time to do something about it.

A. A. M.

THE UNCROWDED HOUR.

With awe and a limited admiration we have just been reading of the energy possessed by a "man of forty" whose hobby is the saving of odd minutes. While dressing in the morning, he learned by heart "all the four books of the 'Odes of Horace'"; in the time occupied in bathing and shaving he manages to accomplish feats of mental agility that most of us never do even in our leisure hours. He has learned leads at bridge, words and phrases of foreign languages, dates, and poems, and he is seriously considering the notion of committing to memory the multiplication table from "twelve times" to "twenty times." "It would not be difficult," he continues, "to suggest other matters of calculation which could be simplified in a similar way." One might, for instance, leap from bed and begin operations with one eye on the clock and the other on the differential calculus; take a bath with a book of chess problems propped up on the taps; shave in company with "Paradise Lost," and feel for the elusive collar-stud with one hand while holding a German grammar in the other. One might do all these questionably praiseworthy things—and life would be a little duller than before.

We are not much in love with this feverish desire to pack every minute with learning; the man who can do it, boast about it, and blandly hold himself up as a shining example to others, must be not far removed from a bore. His progress through this world is a matter of exquisite order and symmetry, and is tremendously interesting—to himself. The occasional leisureed periods of the day, those infrequent refreshing intervals when thoughts pass over the deep as white birds over a calmed sea, when the

mind gives forth spontaneously, beautifully, bright unexpected treasures from its store, are not for him; he must be absorbing facts, memorizing poems—surely he will never produce one!—and cramming his brain with all sorts of information in case some day it may be handy. The bare notion of sixty lost seconds shocks him unspeakably; he hears that terrible minute whirr past without its little bit of the multiplication table or its line of verse, without even the date of a battle attached to it, groans aloud at such deplorable waste, and turns, stricken with self-reproach, to overload the next fleeting speck of time with the words and figures that ride him like a nightmare.

The fact is, much harm has been done by this quite prevalent idea that every unoccupied moment is wasted, and that it is a crime to sit and dream awhile. To be always doing and never thinking is the greatest mistake in the world; those who have accomplished splendid things, who have done fine deeds in almost any sphere, from the arts to engineering and commerce, are aware that it pays to let the mind lie fallow, and that the memorable idea often comes when the brain ceases from planning and accepts the quiet hour as a grateful gift. We do not yet know from whence this fruitful idea arrives; it may be from within, from the mysterious, hidden alchemy of the sub-conscious processes of thought; it may be from without, from the equally mysterious visitation of some force dimly suspected, some "tendency not ourselves"; we do know, however, that it can be denied effect or admission by a too constant driving of the human machine. The source of what we term "inspiration" is one of the oldest problems of philosopher and

psychologist: it comes and goes as the wind, is not to be cajoled, entreated, or commanded, cares not a whit for poverty or riches, whispers gently or burns as a fierce flame. But—and this is the matter of it all—it must have its chance. It flies affrighted and repelled from the harsh clamor of a mind bent on cramming every minute with a "useful" item of knowledge; and if it be that the mind itself is the

The Academy.

origin of inspiration—which we doubt—then so much the worse; for such a ceaseless turmoil baffles thought; the soul builds its own dark prison.

It is well to be business-like; it is well to learn all we can; but let us keep our cherished moments of dreaming. For the man who is bent on crowding his mind with facts and figures is likely to crowd the angels out.

W. L. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Clara Louise Burnham's story of "The Golden Dog" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a fascinating tale for very young readers,—and for those too young to do their own reading—and parents and teachers who read it aloud to children will find themselves falling speedily under its spell. It is the story of a noble-hearted little lad who, escaping from the hardships of a loveless home, and becoming possessed of a little stray dog, goes forth into the forest with him, and, sustained in spirit by verses which flash their meaning upon him from a Book of Life which he carries, finds his way through many simple adventures to the king's palace from which the stray dog had come. A very winning tale this for little people, and it is decorated with four illustrations in color by Frank Avelin.

Miss Kate Langley Bosher's "The House of Happiness" is a chronicle of the vagaries of invalids, gathered in a sanitarium, and the precautions of their doctors, and it ends with a positive assurance of as much happiness as could be expected in an imperfect world. The hero may be the devoted, unselfish, but profane and ignorant little boy; or the clever, and accom-

plished and successful business man, or the wise old doctor as one pleases. The heroine is the woman whom all three dearly love and by whom their lives are bound together. The time covered is brief and the action direct, and the moral of the whole is that unselfishness is the most successful of all policies. But the reader by no means disturbs himself about the moral. He is made, willy-nilly, to read for amusement. Harper & Brothers.

It is with the Athens of to-day that Miss Lillian Whiting is chiefly concerned in her descriptive volume upon "Athens the Violet-Crowned," which Little, Brown & Co. present with all the charms of an attractive page and thirty or forty full-page plates; but the Athens of the past, the centre of Greek life and poetry and philosophy, enters also into it and impressions of the two are closely interwoven. It is difficult to turn these pages without sharing the author's enthusiasm. She writes vividly and picturesquely of all that she saw, and describes with sufficient detail and with a due sense of proportion the tombs and temples, the statues and monuments, the contents of the museums and the rich fruits of archaeological explorations. She is es-

pecially impressed with the unfailing courtesy of the modern Athenian, and she brings her sketch of Greek history down to the reign of the present King Constantine and the war between the Balkan allies and Turkey.

L. C. Page & Co. add two volumes to their "Little Cousin Series" in which, partly under the guise of fiction and partly by description, young American readers are given an idea of the life and environment of children in other lands. "Our Little Athenian Cousin of Long Ago" by Julia Darrow Cowles is a story of child life in Athens in the reign of Pericles. "Our Little Servian Cousin" by Clara Vostrovsky Winlow, is a story of Servian child life in the midst of the recent Balkan War. Both are illustrated by John Goss. For small girl readers the same publishers issue the story of "Alys in Happyland" by Una Macdonald, which carries forward the tale of the little girl who, in an earlier volume, was "Alys-all-Alone" but in this is leading a freer and more joyous life.

Mrs. Margaret Deland's story "Partners" (Harper & Bros.) is a brief and touching tale of New England life, a little in the Sarah Orne Jewett vein. The "partners" of the story are a widow and her daughter, the one who had lost her husband and the other her lover in the Civil War, who jointly conduct the post-office in a little Vermont village, to the satisfaction of their neighbors but the discontent of the more exacting summer residents. The relations of the two and their rather simple business methods are charmingly described, as also their uneasiness over a change of administration. Their attempt to avert disaster by the timely gift of a photograph album to an official superior, the gathering political storm, and how

finally everything ended in a new partnership—all this is delightfully told, and prettily pictured in four illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

E. Boyd Smith's "The Railroad Book," (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is even more fascinating and better worth while than his "Seashore Book" and "Farm Book." Like those, it is not over the heads of quite young children, while it will be enjoyed by those who are older. It aims to give its young readers a clear and accurate idea of the elementary things about the building and running of railroads. Bob and Betty, the boy and girl who figure in it, watch the laying of tracks near their own home, and later get acquainted with the trainmen, are told many things about the running of trains, are treated to a ride in the cab, visit the round house, watch the working of a wrecking car, and the loading and unloading in the freight house, and finally have the joy of a journey across the continent with their parents, during which they are initiated into the mysteries of the sleeping car and the dining car. Mr. Smith is fortunate enough to be his own artist and his pictures, many of which are in colors, are as charming as his text.

Mr. John Burroughs, in his preface to his latest volume "The Summit of the Years" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) admits so candidly that all that it contains has been written since he passed the allotted three score years and ten that it cannot seem discourteous if the further statement is made that it is actually at the age of seventy-six that this delightful volume,—as keen and sympathetic in its observation of Nature and the lower forms of life as any of the long row which preceded it—is published. It is at this age that Mr. Burroughs finds the simple joy of living as entrancing as ever and is able

to write: "I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see." He need have no fear that any of his readers will wish that he had stopped at the Psalmist's boundary; for he is as pleasant a companion as ever, whether he observes and reports upon the birds and squirrels and rabbits, or meditates upon the relations between man and the lower orders and the long road along which humanity has passed. The book is one to dip into, to browse through, and to read and re-read in moments of leisure.

Artful Sir A. Conan Doyle! He calls his new story "The Poison Belt" and the lover of detectives and their wiles, seeing it advertised as on its way to him, instantly orders it of his bookseller, only to discover, when he sits down to read it, that it continues the adventures of Professor Challenger, a mystery in himself. The contentious Professor Summerlee, and Lord John Roxton are again associated with him, and sixteen illustrations show them plunged in the most fascinating horrors that a poisoned universe can provide, and behold! "The Tide of Death" is the title of one of the sub-divisions of the book. Malone tells the story with the same clever simplicity that first made the pugnacious Challenger so interesting but the adventure of the book is much more important than has ever before employed his pen. What is more, one believes in its possibility, and has shivers as delicious as Rider Haggard ever imparted, and traverses spaces as stupendous as H. G. Wells ever described and then he receives a very gentle little sermon ending in a double-edged jest, and a solemn warning from the great Thunderer itself. Professor Challenger's ancient friend

will hardly know which of the three rival authors he has been reading. George H. Doran Company.

"Blister Jones," as its title proclaims, is based upon slang, and its author, Mr. John Taintor Foote, dedicates it "with awe and affection, to Mulvaney—Mowgli—Kim, and all the wonderful rest of them," so betraying a young author's enthusiasm for his chosen master. In truth, he has produced a fair imitation of Mr. Kipling's superficial qualities, and, as this is his first novel, it is only reasonable to expect that it will be followed by others with more originality, and perhaps a little less of Chimmie Fadden in their composition. Its hero is an unscrupulous scion of the turf, estimating men and women of all classes by their fealty to the horse. His adventures are wild and complicated, and his swearing creates an atmosphere unnecessarily sulphurous, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Foote will somewhat mitigate this quality in his next book. It is no flattering picture of the practices of the turf that Mr. Foote composes, but horse worshippers will like it and forgive the traits that those blind to equine virtues will lament. He has at least selected a model worthy of his emulation. Bobbs Merrill Company.

The humor which runs through Edmund L. Pearson's story of "The Voyage of the Hoppergrass" (The Macmillan Co.) is not too subtle for young readers nor too boisterous for their elders. It is a clever and rollicking tale, with surprises in every chapter. The party in the strangely-christened cat-boat have no lack of adventures, not the least amusing of which is their arrest and detention as burglars by a rustic constable with a high sense of his importance, and the way in which their escape is effected.

It is a relief to turn from the crudities of a large portion of contemporary fiction, and the deadly tediousness of the problem novel to a story like this, which bubbles over with pure fun, and has no dull chapter in it. The illustrations, by Thomas Fogarty, are in keeping with the text.

It was the happy lot of Dr. Oliver Huckel, accompanied by his "Lady" and two "Laddies," all of them lovers of Tennyson and students of his verse, to spend three months this year in visiting the various places in England which are associated with the poet's life or with his poems. The result we have in a delightfully written and fully illustrated volume "Through England with Tennyson" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.). This is no perfunctory or conventional guide-book; but a vivid narrative of a real pilgrimage,—to Lincoln, whose splendid cathedral is within view of Somersby, the poet's birthplace; to the little village of Somersby itself and the church of which Tennyson's father was rector; to Louth where he went to school; to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a student; to Shiplake where he began his forty-five years of happy married life; to Clevedon, where Arthur Hallam was buried; to Hawarden, the home of Gladstone; to Tennyson's homes at Farringford and at Aldworth; to Tintagel and King Arthur's castle, to Amesbury Abbey, where Queen Guinevere found refuge, and to Winchester and Glastonbury Abbey and other places associated with the legends of King Arthur. One of the pleasantest incidents of the pilgrimage was the warm hospitality shown to the pilgrims by the present Lord and Lady Tennyson. Bits of the poet's biography and of his verse add to the personal interest of the book; and forty illustrations, most of them from photo-

tographs taken by Dr. Huckel, bring before the eye of the reader the places described.

Stephen Phillips's latest volume "Lyrics and Dramas," (John Lane & Co.) contains two one-act dramas, one tragedy after the Greek form, in five scenes, and fifty or more lyrics and shorter poems. These last are of varying mood. Among the best of them are the opening poem, "Lures Immortal," and this, "The Revealed Madonna":

"As I stood in the tavern-reek, amid oaths and curses,
Mid husbands entreated and drugged,
Amid mothers poisoned and still of the poison sipping,
Here harbored from storms of home;
For a moment the evil glare on a woman falling
Disclosed her with babe at her breast;
An instant she downward gazed on the babe that slumbered,
And holy the tavern grew,
For she gazed with the brooding look of the mother of Jesus,
On her lips the divine half-smile;
An instant she smiled; then the tavern reeled back hell-ward,
And I heard but the oath and the curse."

The first drama "Nero's Mother," although complete in itself, was intended to be included in the play "Nero" and depicts Nero's plot for ridding himself of his mother Agrippina. "The Adversary" is the tragedy of a man followed by disaster, and haunted by a relentless adversary who, at the last moment, proves to be himself. "The King" is a poignant tragedy of a king of Spain, who, seeking for his beloved son an alliance with a princess of Portugal, is baffled by his son's attachment to a lady of the court who, to his horror, proves to be his own unacknowledged daughter.

Lady Sarah Lennox lives in the

brief but kindly sentences which Thackeray allotted her in "The Four Georges," and on more than one canvas of the courteous Sir Joshua, and to meet her as the heroine of Katharine Tynan's "Rose of the Garden" is vastly pleasant. If ever woman were fitted for her time, it was this one, beloved by her King in her youth, and all her life by her kinsmen and kinswomen, and adored by her children. Yet her spirit, her heart, even her sins, are those of to-day. It is only in her attire, that she and her contemporaries seem strange, and it must be owned that when one first hears of her wearing a rose colored damask gown while she made hay at the enamored young king, one is startled. Her subsequent love passage with Lord William Gordon, recorded by the author, will be entirely new to most readers and so will the delightful letter in which she loyally sets it down as indisputable that the Bostonians, "being chiefly Presbyterians, and from the North of Ireland, are daily proved to be very base people, being quarrelsome, discontented, hypocritical, enthusiastical, lying people." What else could she think, then or later, of those who were so curt in their rejection of the King's stamps and tea, and so inhospitable to his army as to fortify Breed's Hill with the intention of driving his soldiers out of the city? But the King's troublesome colonies, after all, mattered little to Sally, as this writer calls her. Her disappointments and divorces justified her assertion that she never knew what real happiness was until she met Napier, and she fancied that the loss of her daughter was the price that she paid for married happiness. The author had excellent material, and she has condensed and moulded it skillfully and discreetly. Harper & Brothers.

The publication of the eighth and concluding volume of John Bach McMaster's "A History of the People of the United States" (D. Appleton & Co.) is a literary event of the first importance. The work represents thirty years or more of labor and research and it fills a unique place in American history. For the period which it covers,—from the Revolution to the Civil War—it not only stands alone, but is likely indefinitely to stand alone, so exhaustive have been the author's researches, and so comprehensive is his treatment and so lucid and forceful his style. What John Richard Green did for England in his "History of the English People" Professor McMaster has done upon an even more extended scale in the work now brought to a completion; for throughout he has held to his original ideal of making the history of the people the main thing. He has had to deal, of course, with political history, the growth of parties, the policies of administrations, the development of institutions, the acquisition of territory, domestic contests and foreign wars, but through all he has been concerned primarily in tracing the course of the people, their habits and ideals, their shifting prosperity and the changes brought about through immigration or through political and social development. The present volume is concerned with the decade preceding the Civil War, and is largely devoted to the political events which led up to that great crisis,—the Fugitive Slave Act, the growing movement toward secession, the passing of the Whigs, the rise of the Republican party, the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the struggle over Kansas, the Dred Scott decision, the Buchanan administration and the election and inauguration of Lincoln. But ample space is given also to side currents of the national life,—the discovery of gold in California, social ferment, the anti-

Catholic movement, the woman's rights movement and Bloomerism, and much else besides, a large part of the material for which has been drawn from the newspaper files of the period. One closes the volume with the wish that Professor McMaster might undertake a supplementary history on the same plan, covering the period from the beginning of the Civil War to the opening of the twentieth century,—but that would be too much to expect of one man.

When the Funk & Wagnalls "Standard Dictionary" was first published, twenty years ago, it commanded immediate respect by the scope and thoroughness of its scholarship, and it has since held an unquestioned place among the three or four best and broadest dictionaries of the English language. The "New Standard Dictionary," which now succeeds it, retains all the distinctive features of the old, but is even larger, broader and more comprehensive, and has engaged in its preparation the services of an even more distinguished and representative body of scholars. The first edition contained about 2,300 pages; the present has more than 3,000; the first had a vocabulary of about 304,000 terms, the present has about 450,000. But it is not merely increase in bulk which distinguishes the "New Standard"; every page of the earlier edition has been subjected to searching criticism, whatever was obsolete or inaccurate or unsatisfactory has been eliminated, and the changes and additions make it essentially a new work, so completely up-to-date that it includes all the words which have come in with the rapid growth of all departments of science, the progress of discovery, the development of literature and the shiftings of politics down even to the forming of the National Progressive party last year. The work is

a great deal more than it claims to be in its title "a dictionary of the English language": it is a biographical dictionary, covering about 16,000 personal entries; it is a gazetteer containing 30,000 geographical names; it is a Bible dictionary, and a dictionary of mythology; it is a manual of bibliography, and gives more than 32,000 quotations, with the sources clearly indicated by title, page and edition. It is an epitomized but comprehensive encyclopaedia conveying the freshest information especially in contemporary history, down even to the organization of the Chinese republic, the seizure of Tripoli by Italy and the war in the Balkans. All this vast and varied information is entered in a single alphabetical order, which obviates the necessity of turning the pages of supplements. The convenience of the man-in-a-hurry is served by always placing the commoner meanings first; then the secondary and remoter, with sources and quotations for the assistance of special students. Not only are synonyms given, illustrating all shades of meaning, but a unique feature is the inclusion of antonyms or opposites. The method pursued may be best illustrated by a single instance. The word "case" may be taken as an example,—a simple word enough, yet its treatment in this dictionary requires more than two closely printed columns. There are first the common meanings; then the medical, the legal and the grammatical meanings; then the synonyms; and then a compact and accurate summary of the most important cases and decisions in our own and English courts,—such as the American Tobacco, the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil, the Northern Securities, etc., in each instance with references for further study. The pictorial illustrations number more than 7,000; and there are more than sixty full page plates.

Lovers of the delicate and choice in literature have long had the habit of looking forward, from one season to another, to the books sent out from the press of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland. And this not merely because of the typography and format, which are as near perfection as the work of any English or American press, but because Mr. Mosher has an acute literary sense and an almost unerring taste, and, with all the zeal of a collector, brings to light rare, unknown or half-forgotten things and introduces them with explanations and forewords of his own, which are themselves bits of essays of a fine quality. This year, he has fairly excelled himself,—by no means an easy matter—both in the quality of his selections and in the beauty of the forms in which he presents them. Nearly twenty years ago, before one American in a thousand had heard the name of Robert Bridges, the new poet laureate, Mr. Mosher discovered the unusual quality of his splendid sonnet-sequence "The Growth of Love" and printed it in a limited edition of 450 copies, long since out of print. This year he reprints it in a most attractive form, again in a limited edition of 450 copies; and readers who wish to acquaint themselves with Dr. Bridges' verse can hardly do better than to read this fine series of sonnets which presents him at his best. Other books, long out of print, and reissued in dainty forms are "Songs of Adien" further described as "A Little Book of Finale and Farewell," an appealing little anthology in which are selections from Henley, Lang, Dowson, Dobson, "Owen Meredith," Stephen Phillips, Alice Meynell and other poets; Ernest Dowson's little play "The Pierrot of the Minute," detached from an earlier volume of Dowson's poems, and reprinted separately, with an epilogue by Theodore William

Peters; "Songs from an Italian Garden" selected from A. Mary F. Robinson's "An Italian Garden"; and Charles Johnston's "From the Upanishads" renderings of bits of wisdom from the East, now reissued in the convenient little Vest Pocket Series. "The Sermon on the Mount," in the King James version, is printed in a volume of simple and delicate beauty in red and black Golden type. The three most important books of this season's output of Mr. Mosher's press are "Andromache" a play in the Greek form and full of the Greek spirit by Gilbert Murray, whose brilliant renderings of the verse of Sophocles, Euripides and other Greek poets have brought him fame and the gratitude of all lovers of Greek literature; "Ten Spiritual Designs" by Edward Calvert, William Blake's ardent disciple, a series of quaint, striking and highly imaginative compositions, here reproduced in enlargement from the original engravings of the artist; and,—what is perhaps the best of all,—Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp" printed in a style which may be paradoxically described as one of sumptuous simplicity. Readers who are not familiar with this volume of essays will find them as fresh and appealing as if they had been written yesterday; and other readers, who have had Alexander Smith on their book shelves in some form for years will rejoice to find him coming to his own again in this beautiful edition. In conclusion, it should be said that Mr. Mosher's catalogue of his publications, in which choice selections in prose and verse are interspersed with the titles and descriptions, is a delightful book in itself and may be had for the asking. The little book "Amphora" in which are grouped and reprinted the selections from twenty years' catalogues, is in its second edition.